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Vol. CXLVII No. 1921 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — NOV. 14 1936

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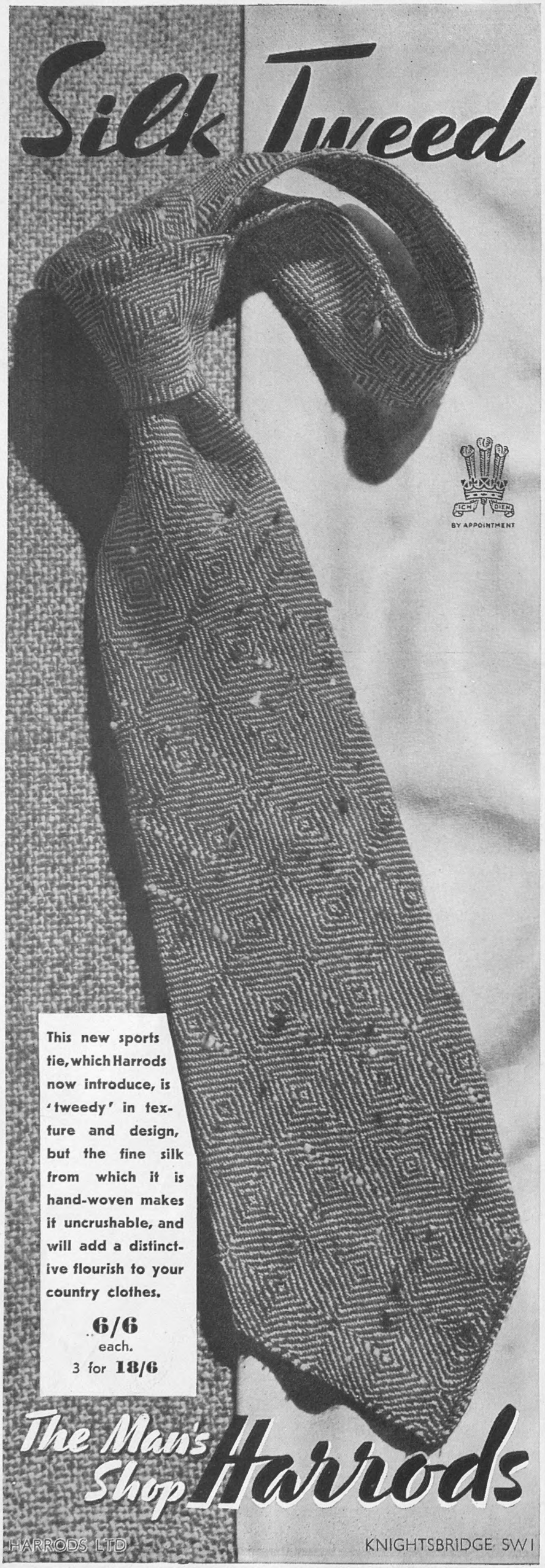

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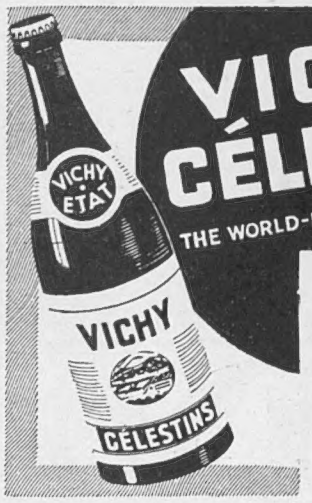

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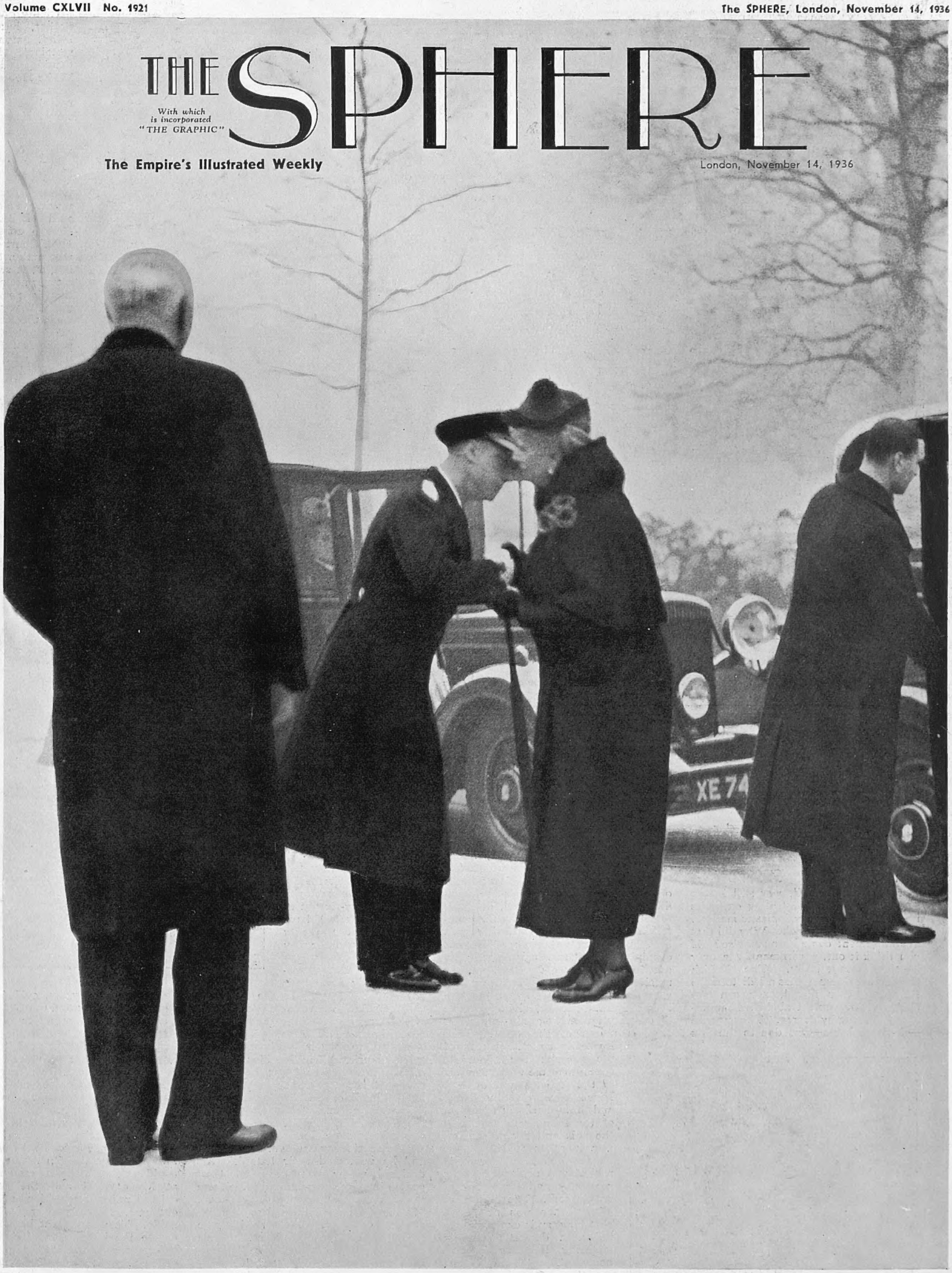

His Majesty's Homage

King Edward Greets Queen Mary at a Solemn Hour of His Reign—Armistice Day 1936

Eighteen years have gone by since the first Armistice Day, but this year the service at the Cenotaph was no less impressive than those that had gone before and possibly even more largely attended, for it was the first Remembrance Day ceremony of the new reign, and King Edward, for the first time as King—though he had often represented his father in the past—led the nation and the Empire in their tribute to the fallen. This picture was taken as His Majesty greeted Queen Mary on her arrival to witness the Cenotaph ceremony from a vantage point in the Home Office

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CLOCKWORK EFFICIENCY: Members of the 1st Battalion, the Irish Guards, pictured as they took part in a march past before Field-Marshal Lord Cavan on the eve of their departure for Cairo, where they will be stationed. Since the signing of the Anglo-Egyptian treaty in the summer, parts of Egypt have been made available to our troops at all times while other areas are available only for army manœuvres or in cases of emergency

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, November 11, 1936.

THE NEW SESSION.—

Europe is in turmoil, war still in the air. Britain is concentrating on (quite important, but) purely domestic matters. Thus the King's Speech. Why did that announcement come as a surprise? If you think it out, governments can only legislate domestically. The British Government cannot pass a Bill to make European War illegal, nor can the German Government abolish communism in Europe by decree. The surprise—a pleasant one—was due to the fact that we have lately come to think that our Cabinets are formed for one purpose only—to pour oil on the troubled seas of Europe. A Factory Bill which will be an essential stage in the slow process of improving the nation's physical fitness; a Public Order Bill, designed to end the nuisance caused by the camp followers of private political armies brawling in our streets; a readjustment of ministerial salaries long regarded as overdue. All these domestic matters received priority in the Speech and all were received by political parties in the House sympathetically, giving promise of co-operation and speedy fulfilment. Notable points of the opening day were the unusual length of the speech; the admirable speeches of the woman mover of the Address and of Mr. Nicolson who seconded it; and the remarkable optimism of the Premier in regard to the substantiality of the improvement in trade, despite the abominable weather which robbed the ceremony of its pageantry and the public of its pleasure. The cinema at Westminster was set for a charming and cheerful première, a domestic comedy featuring harmony in the home. The "Four Horsemen" première was postponed and the "bill" was received on all sides as a welcome holiday from horrors. The King's announcement that he proposed to visit India (as King George did) as soon as possible after the coronation season, came as a surprise to the general public. It has since been learned that a Canadian and other tours are planned to follow the Indian Durbar visit.

TO THE FALLEN OF THE R.A.F.: The wreath laid last Sunday by Air Chief Marshal Sir Edward Ellington, chief of the Air Staff, on the Royal Air Force Memorial, Victoria Embankment

ROOSEVELT'S SECOND TERM.—

Forty-five million voters have made their marks, and a stupendous majority of them (forty-six out of forty-eight States) have decided that the new deal shall direct the play of the cards for another four years. Mr. Roosevelt actually commands 523 of the 531 votes in the Electoral College. There never was such a flood of election propaganda in the history of record-breaking America. The voter struggled to his booth knee-deep in coloured print. The President started at the price of 2 to 1 on; he went to the post kicking, and he won as he liked. His last speech was vitriol and defiance. He cursed big business and the Golden Calf. He declared that its worshippers hated him as no candidate for the Presidency had ever been hated, and he welcomed their hatred. His declared policy was to grind their golden image to powder and force them to drink the bitter potion of gold-dust. Mr. Landon was little less bitter—against the New Deal, the road to ruin paved with broken promises. When the voting was declared the Republicans accepted the verdict with admirable magnanimity, philosophy, and patriotism. "Big business" loathes Mr. Roosevelt's policy, and all it stands for and implies, with deadly hatred and unalterable conviction. But its hatred is broadly based on love of country, and it took defeat, in spite of the crushing surprise, like a gentleman. There never was such a victory in the history of Presidential elections and never so personal a triumph. He did it off his own bat. He has our sympathy—founded, not on knowledge of conditions in the States, nor on political partiality one side or t'other, but on the belief, amounting to certainty, that the Presidential bed at the White House in these days is no bed of roses. Mr. Landon would have received no less.

L. G. AND GOUGH.—

If General Gough is still waiting for justice, and if Mr. Lloyd George constitutes a High Court of Justice with authority to give it him, it seems that a tardy act of reparation is about to be made. It was reported that L. G. sent General Gough a relevant page-proof part of his newest writings, with the good news that fresh and important evidence had come to his knowledge since he began his Memoirs, evidence which completely exonerated the General from any blame for the failure of the 5th Army to render the positions it held before the "March push" of 1918 impregnable or at any rate less hopelessly vulnerable. Now, in so far as the General was blamed and punished on this particular count, no verdict is required and no reparation can now be made. Every soldier in his army knew at the time, and anybody else can (who has not done so) satisfy himself now that the 5th Army positions could not, with the means and labour at his disposal and the geographical and military conditions which then obtained, have been made impregnable. To what extent he was free to decide the broad plan of falling back before the irresistible German advance when it came, I do not know. General Gough suffered punishment, but I am satisfied that neither his men then nor historical students since believed that this particular charge of failure was ever sustainable. But we do not know if there were other reasons which led to his supersession. In setting forth his own defence he alleged, I believe, that G.H.Q. had during the vital period almost totally neglected him; but when the point was answered with chapter and verse, he accepted the correction gracefully. Yet we of his army, the ignorant soldiery, neither

while we waited for the attack nor while we ran before it when it came, ever blamed "Goffy." On the contrary, in our ignorance we blamed the policy of keeping 100,000 much-needed men idle in England for the eventuality of invasion. We blamed (in our ignorance) Mr. Lloyd George!

DICTATORS NOT DIPLOMATS.—Dictators do not employ the oil of diplomacy in the rusty machine of European politics. You cannot expect men who have raised themselves from small beginnings to dazzling power to submit to the niceties of diplomatic language. They are for ever suspiciously on the look-out for any sign that they or their countries are not being treated with proper respect or seriousness. And their one idea of how to counter such possible slights is to rattle the sword they have forged and blow a warlike challenge. Mussolini in his latest Milan contribution to world order probably did not realise that the least hopeful way to secure an understanding with Britain would be to ask our great country, already sufficiently humiliated, to eat humble pie in public. A diplomat would have said the nasty thing with flowers, and

THE START OF REMEMBRANCE WEEK: Sounding the "Last Post" on the steps of the Artillery Memorial, Hyde Park Corner; one of several points in London where open-air services were held last Sunday as a prelude to Armistice Day on Wednesday. Large congregations were also present at the principal churches and many visited the Cenotaph to see the wreaths

served up the disagreeable dish with a dollop of whipped cream and a crystallised cherry. Not so your Dictator, who cannot for one moment forbear to stress the pride and power of the instrument he created. Having already half recognised his aggression, having blown hot and cold over his flouting of the League, we know ourselves to have been flabby, and we have the obstinacy of flabby folk (in European politics) who are being forced to kiss the rod again. A few years ago (only a very few) we should have cracked our sides over the crowing of this little bantam on his little dung-hill. This is true, and truth is usually unpleasant. We are playing for time to-day, beating time while our navy and air-force get back to the safety mark. Otherwise, I suppose, we should have given the Duce a mild reproof and have told him that we have in the past been able to keep open our Empire route through the "Roman Ocean" and will still do so without a *laisser-passer* on terms from Rome. What Mussolini did was to set up an Aunt Sally for the pleasure of knocking it down. He "invented" a menace from Britain to Italy's rights in the Mediterranean. Having set it up, he lashed himself to a fury as he looked it up and down, and then drew his sword and beheaded it. Again, we should once have mildly castigated him for his impiety and even immorality in burying in one grave the League of Nations, disarmament, collective security, and indivisible peace. But we are still in no posture to reprove or snub. Mr. Eden gave our "answer" in the foreign affairs debate in the House, and he said the meaningless platitudes which were all we dare yet to employ, with Christian forbearance but not without dignity.

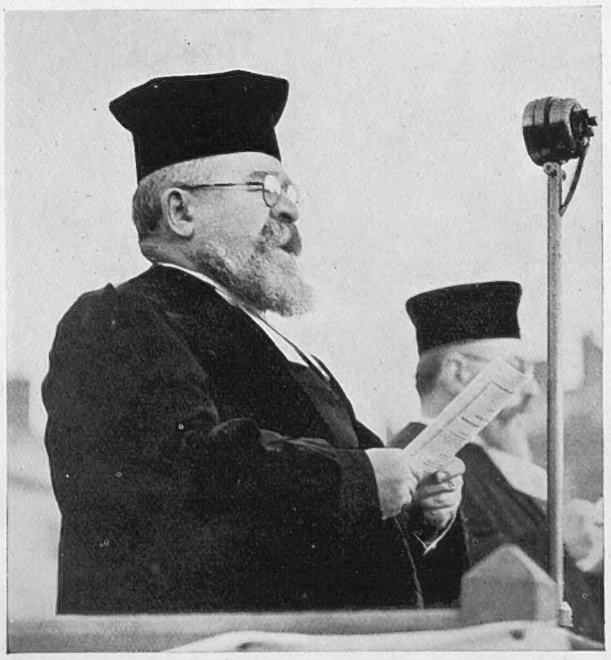
PUBLIC ORDER BILL.—The Bill introduced by the Home Secretary has a long title and is of the type of legislation which Englishmen dislike, but which all parties (serious parties) agree has been of late made necessary. Indeed, in so far as it is designed to strengthen the powers of the police in the control of demonstrations and to deal with disorder at public meetings, the powers it now confers are long over-due. We have a police force to which can safely be given the widest discretion which it can be trusted never to abuse. We want to leave the business in the hands of the police, after making the force safe against victimisation when it has used its discretion fairly. But the moment you begin to "put things down by Act of Parliament" you get all kinds of difficulties, besides the cry of "hands off liberty." Uniforms are hard to define. Sane men may know that *this* is a provocative dressing-up and that *that* is not; but the Law can less easily decide the point. A sharp advocate might argue convincingly that the wearing of medals by British legionaries might provoke a pacifist to employ anything but peaceful persuasion, and that the badge of a dove holding an olive branch might disturb the peace of the public and of Mr. Duff-Cooper. We all know the types of uniform we want to put down, but we don't want to put them down in writing. Our objections to the Bill do not embrace those clauses which help the police in one of its most ticklish and thankless tasks. We want that part of it clearly expressed. For the rest we prefer for once legislative vagueness.

THE BRITISH COUNCIL.—We have often declared lately that Britain leads the world in many spheres of social reconstruction—the nation's health, care for unemployed, pensions, education, housing, and so on. The claim may be disputed when Ministers make it, but there is substantial truth in it. But occasionally we speak with humility and when in July, 1935, the King as Prince of Wales declared "Of all the Great Powers, this country is the last in the field in setting up a proper organisation to spread a knowledge and appreciation of its language, literature, art, science, and education," he spoke a truth which no educated Briton rose up to contradict. The British Council came into being to wipe out that folly and humiliation. It has been in existence for two years. Its work and aims are still hardly realised by the public and it is high time publicity was given to its functions. Under the patronage of the King, under the chairmanship of Lord Eustace Percy, and the direction of leading men in every walk of life, it is pursuing an ordered plan of campaign. By means of subcommittees of experts, it is trying to do what in other countries is done by Ministers of State or by other State-supported organisations. Take a few of its activities as examples of the range and diversity of its programme:—It provides sound entertainments for foreign visitors to Britain; it finances Institutes for the study of English history, art, and literature abroad; it establishes libraries of English books in foreign countries; it distributes newspapers and periodicals in many countries; it has created already over fifty bursarships for student-teachers from European countries at British Universities; it sends lecturers over Europe and arranges art shows and concerts of British work in foreign capitals.

THE FUTURE.—Its aims for the future are wider still. It seeks to systematise English studies in foreign schools; to found British Cultural Institutes in foreign capitals; to ensure supplies of trained British teachers and of English text-books and classical literature for these centres. Faith and enthusiasm for a work, which surely must strike a shrewd blow in the cause of international peace and brotherhood, must still in Britain do what unlimited money is doing in other countries. In France, in Italy, the annual budgets allocate £1,000,000 for this work. Even Czechoslovakia spent £60,000 last year on cultural activities abroad. Heaven knows how much Germany spends on it. The British Government gave the Council its unqualified blessing—and £5000 to play with. With a blush, it has dipped a little deeper into its pocket for the current year. Inevitably and according to British custom private individuals found the necessary money for a start to be made. That is the British way. The business man sees ahead, the Government has no time to see further than the troubled day. If the work is to be kept going and soundly, if slowly, expanded, £20,000 per annum must be found. These are a few facts which the public ought to know about the British Council. Its office is at 32 Chesham Place, S.W.1. Its secretary is ready to answer inquiries. Its treasurer has a desk (and a safe) there.

A NOBLE CAUSE. SICK CHILDREN.—The fame and importance of the Great Ormond Street Hospital should need no stressing. It is the first children's hospital, the acknowledged centre in the Empire for treating sick children and for research into the diseases of childhood. Its buildings have long been completely out of date. Its large wards have become a danger in the spread of disease. Rebuilding was essential and is now being undertaken at a cost of £400,000 or more. When completed, the new hospital will be completely up to date for treatment and laboratory research. The hospital is rebuilding the race as well as itself. Money is therefore urgently needed. Could there be a more persuasive appeal for generosity than this? You can respond easily and pleasantly by going to the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, to a Merry Market, on November 18 and 19. There you can buy all your Christmas presents from "shop-girls" drawn from every rank of the peerage, and of every type of female beauty and charm. You and your friends can lunch and tea and dine on the premises. You can dance and watch dancing, be beautified in a Beauty Parlour, drink cocktails, and visit the Pirate's Cave with Captain Hook. He and the ladies will most sweetly relieve you of your money (which I fancy will already take wings for so noble a cause for generosity or ever you pass inside the Magic-Market doors). Make a note of those dates and the place. Try to forget how hospital appeals overlap. Blind yourself to the present chaos of the system, and to the stark fact that this year the public is being asked to to find £4,000,000 for its hospitals and that there is no central control of these appeals. The voluntary system is strangling itself.

THE OLD STAGER



JEWRY AND THE WAR: The Very Rev. Dr. J. H. Hertz, Chief Rabbi of the British Empire, and Rabbi Gollop, Senior Jewish Chaplain to H.M. Forces, at the Jewish ex-Servicemen's National Remembrance Service held on the Horse Guards Parade on Armistice Sunday. *Right*—Field-Marshal Lord Milne with Jewish ex-servicemen. He is shaking hands with Mr. Jack White, a holder of the Victoria Cross

FROM HERE, THERE,

LONDON'S MILLIONS FLOCK TO SEE THE PAGEANTRY: Sir George Broadbridge's coach passing the Mansion House during last Monday's Lord Mayor's Show. As usual enormous crowds lined the processional route and, as this picture shows, Cheapside was packed solidly with spectators

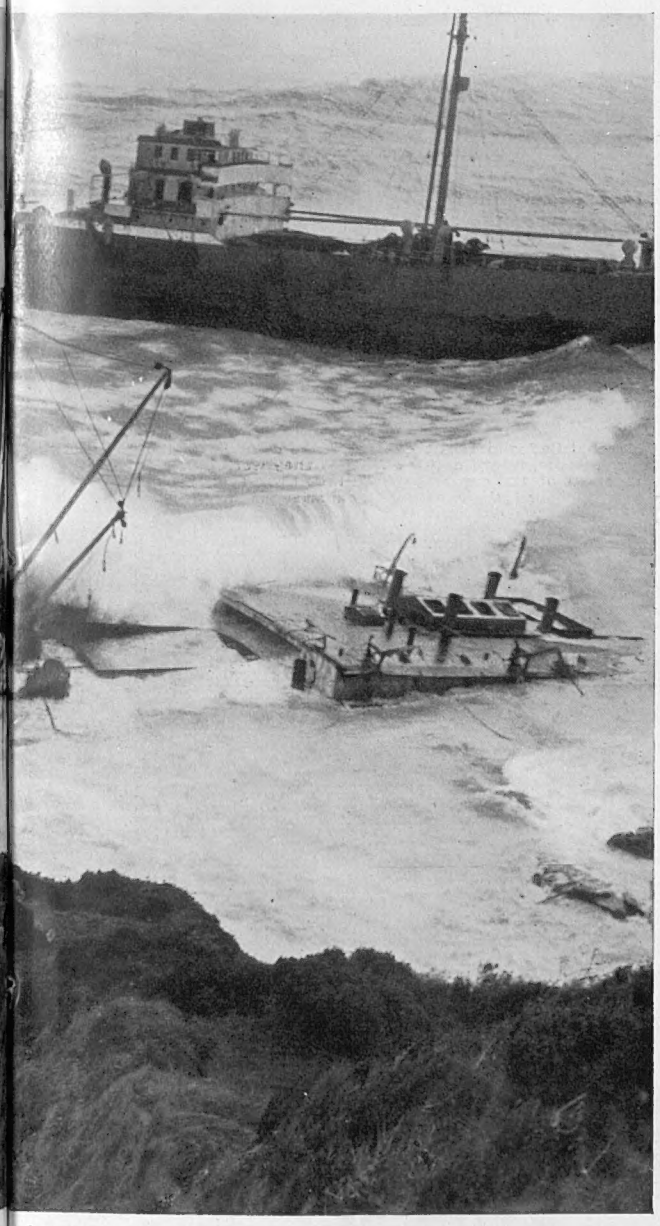
LONDON TRAIN-BANDS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY were represented by this colourful detachment marching in the Lord Mayor's procession which, appropriate to the present recruiting campaign, had as its theme "London and the Defence of the Realm." It was a pageant chronicle of nearly four hundred years' association between the capital of the kingdom and its armed forces

OLD-TIMERS: Mr. George Oliver (*left*), who for twenty years has in the same period has driven each new Lord Mayor in the Lord

THE FATE OF THE "BESSEMER CITY": Some days ago this on the treacherous rocks of Pendennis Point, and this picture continued the work of destruction. Reports of shipping in services by sea and air had to be cancelled owing to the

AND EVERYWHERE

driven retiring Lord Mayors, and Mr. George Grainger (*right*), who Mayor's procession and subsequently during his year of office



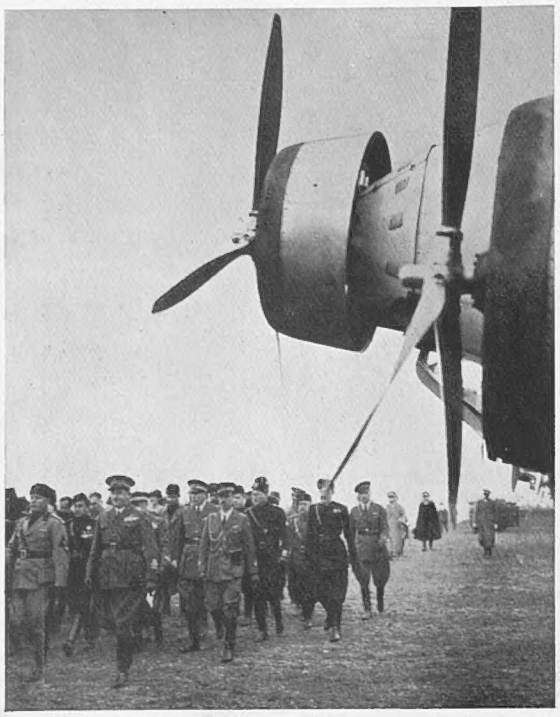
American vessel ran ashore on the Cornish coast, breaking in two was taken last week-end when storms raged along the coast and distress came from many places and, in the Channel, passenger gale. At Folkestone it actually reached a velocity of 100 m.p.h.

LADY LAMPSON IN EGYPT: The wife of the British High Commissioner seen on her return to Cairo from London. It has been stated, though unofficially, that Sir Miles may shortly become British Ambassador to Egypt in view of the entirely new position arising from the signing of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty

ELECTION NIGHT IN NEW YORK: An impression of the vast throng that gathered in Times Square to watch the returns come through on the evening of polling day in last week's presidential election, when Mr. Roosevelt gained a sweeping majority, carrying no fewer than forty-six of the forty-eight States

CHOOSING A PRESIDENT: Two more election day pictures from New York showing (*left*) Mr. Alfred Smith, Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1928, about to pull the lever and record his vote in a polling station. He went out in support of Mr. Landon, an action that aroused much criticism in view of his former party allegiance. *Right*—Republicans and Democrats in boisterous disagreement

ITALY—GERMANY—FRANCE : A PICTORIAL RECORD OF CONTINENTAL HAPPENINGS

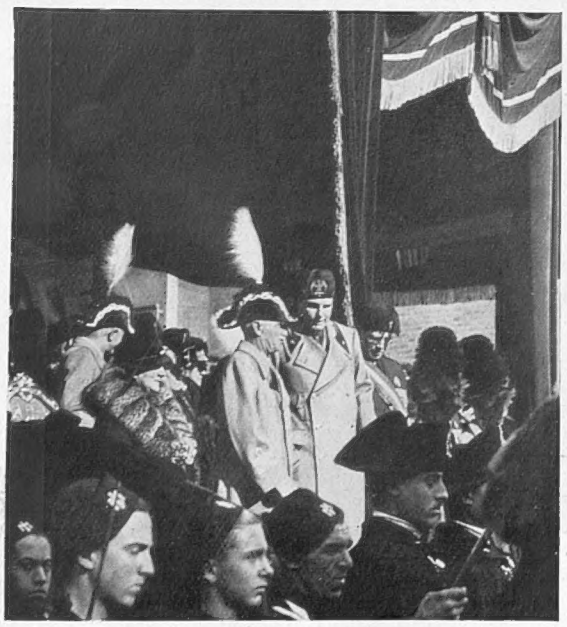


SIGNOR MUSSOLINI HOLDS AN AIR FORCE REVIEW: Inspecting aircraft during a visit to Sestri aerodrome. In the foreground is one of the newly introduced tri-motored long range Savoia-Marchetti bombers

WITH FULL MILITARY HONOURS: At the funeral in Nuremberg of Colonel Otto Stark, a distinguished air force commander who died a few days ago, the coffin was carried under the muzzle of an anti-aircraft gun, and the gun carriage was attached to a caterpillar tractor carrying a party of steel-helmeted men

A STAR WEDS: Liane Haid, the German film actress, who first made her name in the silent days, becoming a great favourite in her own country, with Herr Hans Somborn, a lawyer, whom she had just married in Berlin

EMPIRE BUILDERS: Marshal de Bono (left centre) and Marshal Badoglio (right centre), Duke of Addis Ababa, passing through the crowds on their way to the Capitol, Rome, where a few days ago they were officially welcomed as the conquerors of Abyssinia. Since the close of the campaign both men have temporarily exchanged the sword for the pen and both have now published their personal experiences of the war



NOTABILITIES AT THE WINTER RE-OPENING OF PARIS UNIVERSITY: An interesting group including Professor Blecourt; M. Jean Zay, the Minister of Education; M. Charlery, the Rector of the University; Dr. Israel Holmgren of Stockholm; and M. Roussy, Chief of the Faculty of Medicine. *On left*—King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena of Italy watching the march past of war wounded in Rome on November 4, which is always celebrated as Victory Day in Italy. It was on this date that Italy concluded an armistice with Austria, following her overwhelming success in the last crushing offensive of Vittorio Veneto

THE LAST HOURS OF RED MADRID

Scenes in and Around the Beleaguered Spanish Capital as the Rebels Advanced

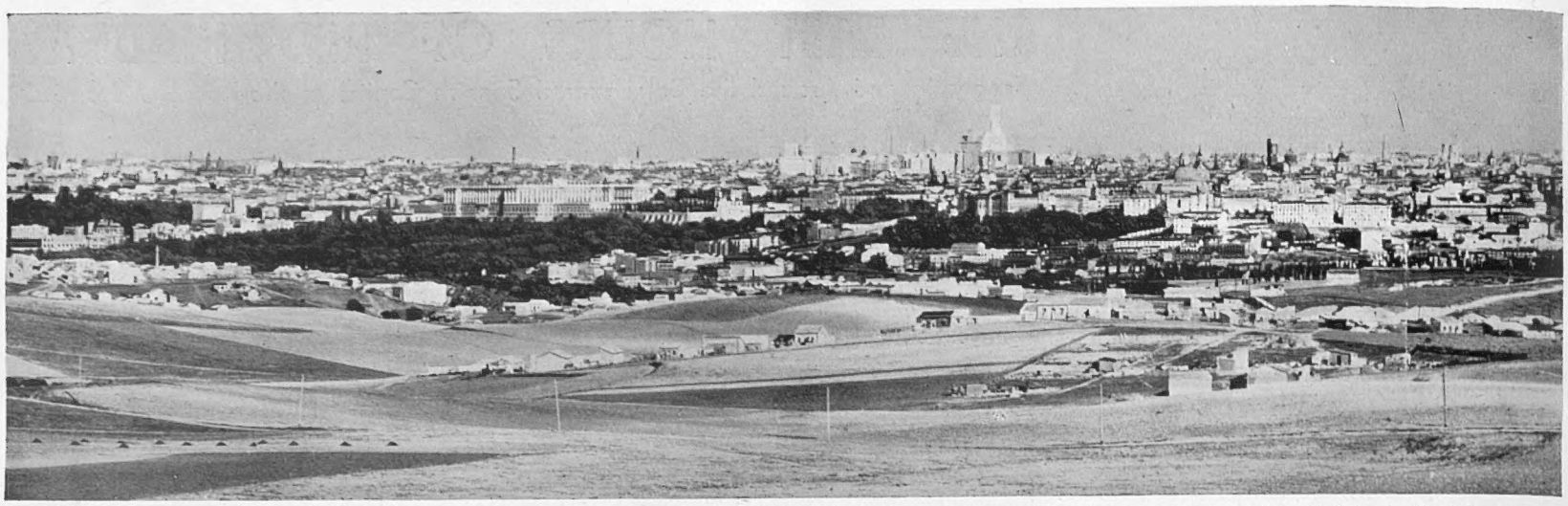
FAITHFUL TO THE REGIME: M. Rosenberg, the Soviet Ambassador in Spain who was reported to have accompanied the Premier when the latter fled from Madrid last week-end, and established the capital of the Spanish Republic in Valencia

STORMING ILESCAS: A party of rebels advancing against stone barricades during the assault on this town on the Toledo-Madrid road. An aspect of the fierce fighting in the environs of the capital which continued throughout last week, and came to its climax on Saturday when General Franco's men reached the suburbs of the city but at first failed to effect an entry, meeting with immensely powerful opposition from the Government troops who rallied along the banks of the Manzanares River

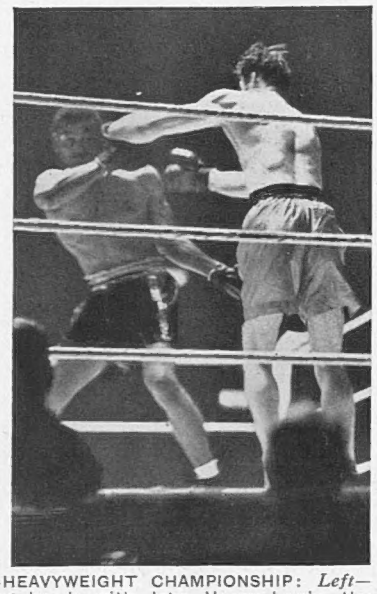
WITH NORMAL LIFE AT A STANDSTILL, the majority of Madrid's population being under arms, people had to fend for themselves. This picture was taken as a militiawoman milked a cow to provide refreshment for her comrades at an outpost just beyond the city's confines

THE WRECKED CHURCH AT GETAFE: The building after it had been hit repeatedly by rebel artillery which kept up a constant bombardment to prepare the way for the infantry advance that followed. Getafe, which is situated in the outer suburbs, is the Croydon of Madrid, being a terminus for home and foreign air liners

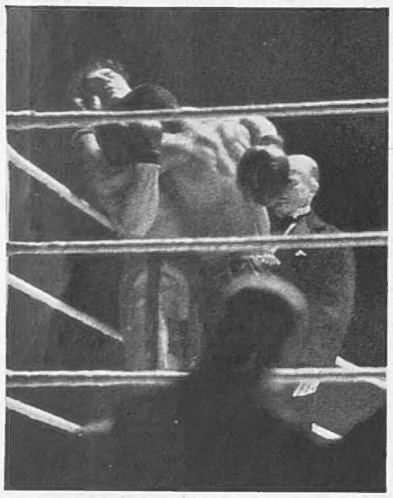
WOMEN AND THE WAR: *Above*—A member of the Scottish Ambulance unit which has been doing such good work in Madrid during the past few weeks. *Right*—Girls following in the funeral procession of General Enrique Garcia Benito, one of the red leaders who was recently killed in action near Biotrago



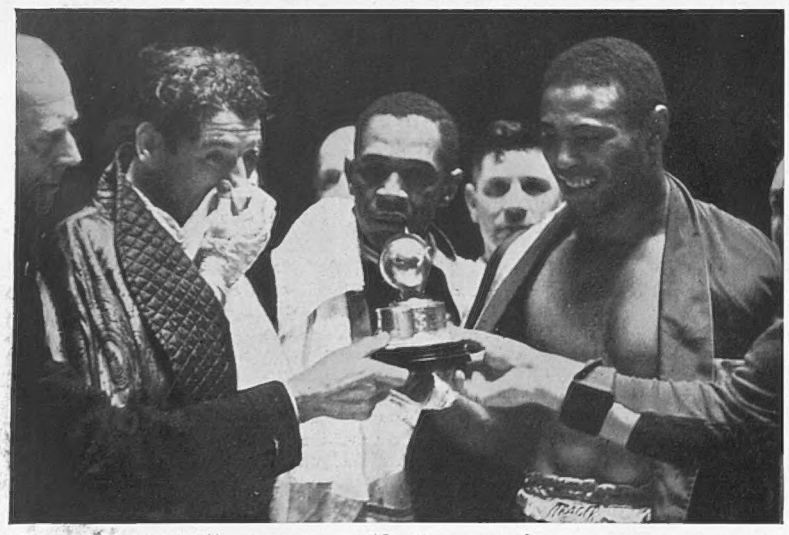
SCENE OF A BITTER STRUGGLE: A panoramic view of Madrid from the south-west, showing in the foreground the land adjoining the Manzanares River where last Monday rebel attackers and red defenders came to grips, the latter putting up an unexpectedly stout defence. The larger building in the left centre is the former Royal Palace, while away to the right of this are some of the semi-skyscraper buildings of the Gran Via—a comparatively easy mark for artillery



THE BATTLE FOR THE WORLD LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP: *Left*—Len Harvey, the Cornishman, shaking hands with John Henry Lewis, the American negro, at the weigh-in at the Stadium Club before their fight at the Empire Pool, Wembley—a thrilling contest that ended in a decisive points victory for Lewis. *Right*—A left lead by Harvey is cleverly countered by Lewis



HARVEY CORNERED: *Left*—One of the many clinches which marred the opening stages of the fight and preceded a whirlwind finish. *Right*—Lewis attacking



SPOILS OF VICTORY: Harvey, a trifle the worse for wear, looks on as the victorious Lewis is presented with the trophy, a reward additional to the £4,000 guaranteed him for the fight. The close of the contest was thrilling in the extreme, the Cornishman starting in Round 13 a recovery that, for all his fatigue, ended only with the final bell. At this time his hitting was cleaner and harder than that of his opponent, but he had too much leeway to make up

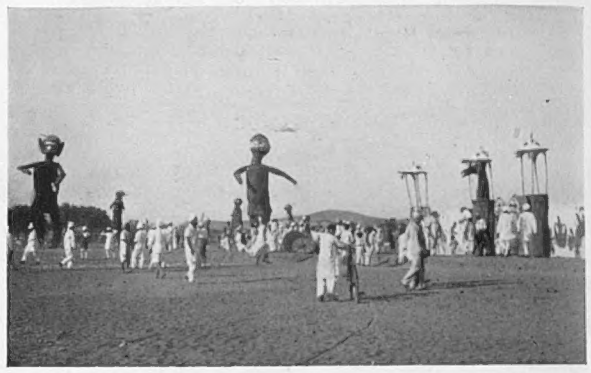
THE MYSORE DASARA

A Great Hindu Festival and How it is Observed by the People

THE Dasara is one of the greatest and universally observed of Hindu festivals, celebrated from one end of India to the other—from Kashmir to Cape Comorin — by more than 240,000,000 of His Majesty's subjects. Reckoned as an auspicious and joyous occasion it is religiously observed by the mighty Indian princes in their magnificent palaces no less than by poor peasants in their lowly, humble homes.

The Dasara marks the season of the autumnal equinox and is commonly held on the 10th of Asin (September - October); this year it was held on October 26 in honour of Durga or Devi, the consort of Siva (one of the great Hindu Trinity, the other two being Vishnu and Brahma), who on this day slew the buffalo-headed demon Maheshasur. It is an event signifying the triumph of good over evil. The nine preceding days are designated Navaratra, when Brahmins are remunerated to recite hymns to Durga.

On this auspicious day Rama (the hero of the Hindu epic Ramayana) the ideal son, husband, and ruler, marched against Ravana, the King of Lanka (Ceylon) and emerged triumphant. Hindu parents make it a point to send their children to school then. In later days, the Mahratta rulers chose the same day for starting their marauding expeditions against enemies and neighbouring kingdoms to levy *chouth* (tribute). In fact, the rainy season is at an end, the autumn crop has just been harvested, the granaries are stored with golden grain, and the countryside comes into possession of food for the season and cash by selling its surplus crops—an occasion too good to be missed by the Mahrattas who knew their business. Also, the Indian Princes then staged great military displays. Under modern conditions of "enforced" peace, these military displays express themselves in State pageants, processions, and reviews.

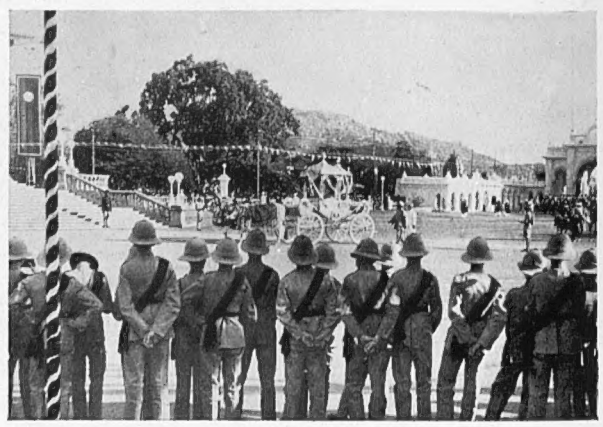


RAVAN, THE DEMON KING, AND HIS ATTENDANTS: The Dasara celebrations always end with the ceremonial burning of these effigies. They stand about 12 ft. or 15 ft. high

Of these processions the most typical in modern times is in Mysore, which invariably attracts visitors from afar. There are excellent reasons why Mysore should celebrate this festival in such a famous and fitting fashion. It is the premier Hindu principality in India. Mysore conserves and cherishes time-honoured Hindu traditions. It is an occasion of an enthusiastic display of loyalty from all classes of His Highness' subjects. As it is first and foremost a people's holiday, the Maharaja holds a series of Durbars or audiences, and the country-side is enabled to cement contact with the capital — the peasantry and peoples at large with the palace.

Also, Mysore is the home or refuge of the two principal founders of the Saiva and Vaishnava systems of philosophy. The State-endowed Sringeri Mutt was established by Sankaracharya, while Ramanujacharya fled to the Hoysala kingdom in Mysore and founded a seminary at Melukote.

This year the festivities coincided with a notable landmark in Indian history, namely, the sixth centenary of the foundation of the once glorious and now "forgotten" kingdom of Vijayanagar. Mysore is a fragment of the empire of Vijayanagar, even as Hyderabad is of the Moghul empire. The Hindu kingdom of Vijayanagar, founded in A.D. 1336 was in its palmy days far larger than the old Austro-Hungarian empire, and rivalled in splendour Solomon's Jerusalem, and Delhi during the days of the Great Moghul. It served, while it lasted, as a bulwark protecting the Hindu principalities in the extreme south of the peninsula from the onslaughts of the Muslim Sultans of the Deccan Bhamini kingdoms.



THE SILVER COACH DRAWN BY SACRED OXEN: A vehicle that played an important part in the Mysore celebrations

Peace over PALESTINE

□

Trouble in BOMBAY

Below—BUFFS IN THE BRINY: With Palestine making a return to normal conditions of life, the British defence force is now able to take things a little more easily, and members of the 2nd Battalion, the Buffs, stationed at Acre are enjoying some good bathing. They keep their rifles with them, however, and two of their number are always on guard . . . just in case

THE BATHING PARADE: Men of the Buffs, with their rifles slung and carrying towels and slips, make their way down to the beach at Acre for an early morning swim

On left—A MUSLIM AGITATOR being taken into custody during the recent racial riots in Bombay which resulted in no fewer than fifty-eight deaths and in over five hundred people being injured, many seriously

THE BOMBAY RIOTS: *Left*—Young Muslims engaged in looting a restaurant—hooligans who took advantage of the communal strife and who, when caught, were flogged. *Right*—Major-General Scobell (right of group) surveying the disposition of his men after being called in to deal with the situation. Two aspects of the recent disturbances in Bombay—the most serious for some time—which were the direct result of ill feeling between the two dominating religious sects. It appears that the Municipality agreed to build an assembly hall for the Hindu temple at Byculla in return for land acquired for road widening. Muslims protested as they thought that those using the new hall would interfere with the services at their mosque nearby. No agreement was possible, and when the builders started work they were first obstructed and then stoned. The rioting soon became general, and developed into stabbing affrays and the robbing and burning of shops

ALL EYES ON CATALONIA: By Ferdinand Tuohy

Spain's Autonomous Province where the forces of the "Left" have planned to make their last stand

BREATHTAKING! The still unfinished church of the Holy Family, which has often been called the most bizarre religious edifice in Europe, is one of the curiosities of Barcelona and is in amazing contrast to the old Cathedral, a noble creation in the Gothic style. This church is said to represent the Catalan Separatist spirit in that it completely differs from the traditional architecture of the Peninsula

IF Franco enters Madrid (things being far too uncertain these days to write "when") it is safe to say that the thinking world's attention will become riveted on the autonomous province or State of Catalonia, of which over a third, in point of population, is formed by Barcelona alone.

As we are too painfully aware, the reason for this will by no means be exclusively Spanish. Whether a conquering Franco elects to boycott Catalonia from the land side rather than attack it, while blockading it from the naval bases of the Balearics, cuts but relatively thin ice beside the frightening touch that is lent by a possible picking up of the gauntlet locally by Mussolini, backed of course by Hitler, should the Soviet throw it down.

Whichever way you look at it, Catalonia is all set to become the fatal terrain, point of departure, that most of us have so long dreaded. Its strategical importance to other Powers overshadows its very industrial and commercial importance to the rest of Spain, which is saying about the maximum. And that is to leave out of account the vital spiritual urge of the Catalan movement itself, which does not take second place to Mr. De Valera's own.

Let no one write lightly of Catalonia, no matter how many holy statues may be debased there, or nuns and priests shot. In Catalonia are to be found contradictions more tragic than anywhere else in Europe to-day. It may be widely Anarchist, Syndicalist, anti-religious, "red." In latter times it also set afoot a plan of social betterment for the working class—health, education, and building in the van — which no Briton but could applaud, whatever his politics. Nor did this essential humanism suffer for its springing from a deep and vibrant love of country, of the crimson and gold of Catalonia.

GUARDIANS OF BARCELONA: Government sailors engaged in target practice on board one of the warships in the harbour. *Right*—Of late processions of political organisations such as this have been of almost daily occurrence in the streets of the city where, regardless of the turn of events in other parts of the country, a spirit of optimism prevails

I have seen the youth of Barcelona parading more than once in that splendid public garden, giving its complicated salute of thumb and first finger meeting and the other three fingers pointing aloft in elbow-bent gesture, that salute did not mean invading and assailing others. Rather was it surely saying: "Leave us, the men and women to come, severely alone, that we may seek to raise ourselves materially and otherwise to the condition heretofore accessible but to the relatively few."

They had faith in the human species for the accomplishment of this inevitable future world-trend; and why not? Other faiths can let you down, no matter by what great beauty informed or age-old they may be.

Early this year I stood upon that wonderful prospect-point of Tibidabo, whence you see the whole great city of Barcelona away below. It was a lovely, shimmering Mediterranean spring morning. Utter calm, not a puff, not an echo or sign—save smoke—from the spreading city of over a million, or, rather, two cities, the winding old and the adjacent boulevard new. More than once have I thought back since to that peaceful contemplation; and of the murderous inferno "down below" that I would have to

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SEVILLE AT PEACE

While Madrid Totters to its Fall

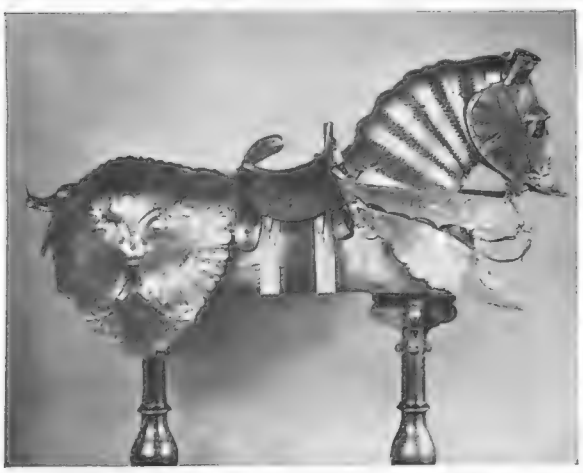
REBEL AIR ACE: Captain Antonio Ansaldo, the most outstanding of four brothers who are all pilots in Franco's flying corps. Captain Ansaldo is a holder of the San Fernando Cross (the Victoria Cross of Spain)

AFTERMATH OF AN AERIAL ENCOUNTER: An officer surveying the wreckage of a Government aeroplane brought down by anti-aircraft fire in the neighbourhood of the capital. Of recent weeks both sides have been making greater use of their bombing and reconnaissance machines. Rebel aircraft flew over Madrid several times on November 1 and 2, but dropped bombs only on the suburbs

THE PIÈCE DE RÉSISTANCE: Don Canero, reputed to be one of the most accomplished horsemen in Spain, arriving at the Seville Exhibition to give a display of Haute Ecole, a mode of riding that was seen and applauded in London last summer at the International Horse Show. *Right*—Don Canero, who is wearing Andalusian costume, in action in the show ring

THE BREASTPLATE OF ALEXANDER FARNESE: A beautifully adorned example of pageant armour belonging to the great sixteenth-century warrior, Duke of Parma. It is only one of the countless gems in the famous collection of armour in the galleries of the New Hofburg in Vienna

THE PAGEANT HELMET OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPEROR CHARLES V: It was made about the year 1550 at Augsburg, a town famed for the skill of its armourers



CHARGER'S HARNESS belonging to Emperor Maximilian I

The Archduke Ferdinand of Tirol who flourished in the sixteenth century, was an ardent collector of armour, conceiving towards the end of his life the idea of assembling the accoutrements of his contemporaries and of their predecessors. By writing round to the Princes of Christendom he succeeded in gathering together a remarkable collection. To-day these treasures, as well as many more from other sources, adorn the galleries of the New Hofburg, Vienna, which has recently been made their permanent home

Vienna's Armour Collection

NO MAN'S LAND: A Lithuanian frontier guard standing beside the newly-erected barrier across the road leading from Kaunas, Lithuania, to Vilna, Poland. No traffic passes this way and the ownership of the territory is in dispute between the two countries

A FRONTIER in DISPUTE

A Correspondent Lately Returned from Vilna Tells the Story of Lithuania's Claim Against Poland and its Strange Consequences

A POLISH national wishing to go from Vilna to Königsberg must first go to Warsaw or try the local train from Bialystock as he will not be given a visa to cross Lithuanian territory. A Britisher in Kaunas wanting to go straight to Vilna cannot do so without special arrangements as there are no means of communication. He would have to take a car and drive along disused roads to what the Lithuanians call the "demarcation line" and what the Poles regard as the frontier, and then walk over and get another car on the other side. A letter from Kaunas to Warsaw has to go via Riga or Germany. The same applies to telegrams and telephone calls. Provided these latter are possible.

THE KAUNAS-VILNA ROAD overgrown because of long disuse

ONLY A FEW SLEEPERS REMAIN to show that this was once the railway from Kaunas to Vilna. It has been "sawn off" at the frontier, and now passengers travelling between the two cities must take a roundabout course involving many extra miles

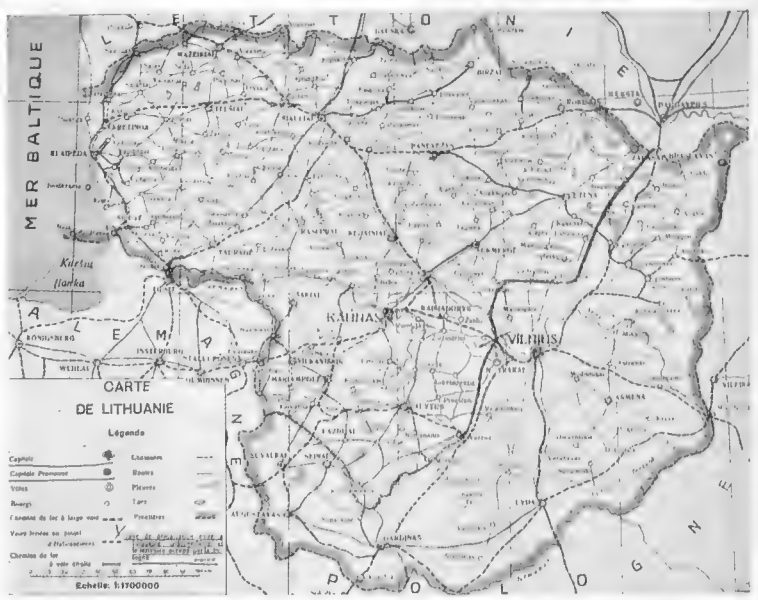
For Lithuania there is no frontier between their country and Poland. This is their silent protest against the occupation by Polish troops of what they consider the rightful capital of Lithuania, Vilnius (Vilna) and its surrounding country. To this day the Lithuanians have no mark or sign to show the demarcation line. The inverted broomsticks swaying in the wind were placed there by Poles. The railway line from Kaunas to Vilna is neatly sawn off at the demarcation line and only a few sleepers remain on the Lithuanian side to show that rails used to lie there. The road which the Russians built from Kaunas to Vilna has fallen into disuse and a ditch has been dug to show the line. The Russian contractor who built the road is said to have pocketed most of the money, and when the Commission came to take over the road he made them thoroughly drunk and his road was passed without close examination. Whether this legend is true or not the road from Kaunas to Vilna is impassable, and the section close to the frontier quite the worst in Europe.

Only recently (October 26, 1936) the Polish authorities had a frontier bar placed across the road painted in their colours, red and white, but there is no other sign, even on Polish territory, that the intrepid foreigner has crossed into Poland. Lithuania is unable to protest against the erection of frontier barriers, as she does not entertain diplomatic relations with Poland. It used to be a "silent war," but this ended in 1927 by an arrangement. Both countries hope to arrive at some agreement by peaceful means; Poland as it would like to see its goods passing through Lithuania to the port of Klaipeda (Memel) to the Baltic Sea, the natural outlet for northern Poland, and Lithuania as it would like to have its own historical capital.

But even here on a matter of history the two countries are at variance. Poland

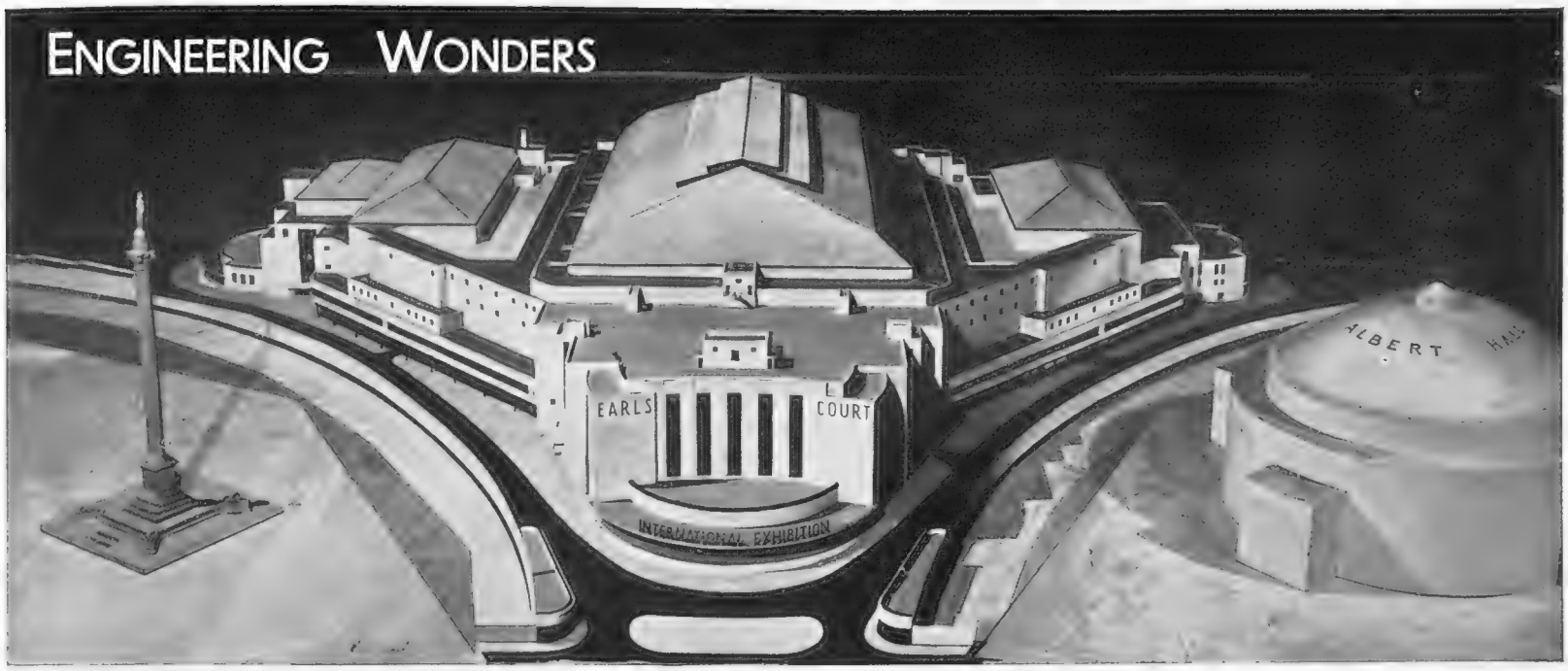
(Cont. on page 286)

POLAND STAKES HER CLAIM: One of the demarcation posts on the frontier that Lithuania does not acknowledge. *Below* — The broomstick, another Polish demarcation symbol



THE LIE OF THE LAND: A sketch map showing the positions of Kaunas, Lithuania, and Vilna (Vilnius), Poland. In the Polish view the frontier runs between these two towns, but Lithuanians claim that Vilna is not only in their territory but is their rightful capital and should be handed over

ENGINEERING WONDERS



A MIGHTY UNDERTAKING: A scale model of the £1,250,000 Exhibition Centre now under construction at Earl's Court. Some idea of the immensity of the building may be gathered from a comparison of its size with the Nelson Column (on left) and the Albert Hall (on right). The black line beneath the words "International Exhibition" represents an entrance 18 ft. high through which the public will pass to the main lobby. The accident which occurred there a few days ago, when a mass of wet concrete, timber, and steel, weighing 100 tons, crashed 30 ft. to the ground and injured eight men, was restricted to a small section where concrete had been newly laid. The centre will be open next spring and during 1937 the Ideal Home Exhibition and the Motor Show will be held there

THE AUTO-RAILER: This passenger car—an American innovation—is adaptable for use either on road or rail, and in rural districts it is possible that it may shortly be employed on a wide scale. It has rubber tyred wheels for road work and metal wheels adjustable for travelling on the lines

A LENGTHY BUSINESS: Inspecting some of the 1,600 miles of cable which has just been manufactured and is to be used for carrying power from Boulder Dam to the cities of Southern California

EN-TOUT-CAS: *Left*—This new Scammell street-washer, demonstrated a few days ago at Watford, can be put to two other distinct uses, and represents one of the latest inventions in anti-air raid equipment designed for use by local government authorities. It can be adapted as a decontaminator of poison gas or as a fire-fighting unit. The man depicted on right is operating a hose fed from the street-washer with a foam compound for extinguishing oil fires

SAILING CANOES RACING FOR THE SHORE: These craft, with their great fish-tail sails, are built by the Mailu islanders, dwellers off the coast of New Guinea

A SEA-GOING PEOPLE: *Above*—One of the great sailing canoes of the Mailu islanders with a cargo of coco-nuts for distribution, in accordance with tribal custom, among the relatives of a deceased chief. *Right*—Youngsters with their model craft which they learn to navigate at an early age, thus fitting themselves for the time when they will go to sea with their fathers and trade the locally made pottery for sago and other products of the mainland

THE ISHMAEL *of the* EASTERN SEAS

The Borneo Bajau and His Mysterious Origin

THE BAJAU is the Ishmael of the East. He lives in Borneo, but really belongs to nowhere. His ancestral habitat is unknown, and the Anthropological Institute has recently sent an expedition to study this interesting race and to delve into its past

THERE is many an Ishmael, man and tribe, in this old world of ours, but the one with the mark of Cain cut deepest is, surely, the Bajau of the Eastern Seas. He belongs to Borneo no more than to any other country, but there is, perhaps, more of him buried there than anywhere else Hence the use of the name. Of what race is he sprung? The anthropologists don't seem to have quite decided which "bracket" to give him. He is usually classed as a Malay, which he is not. His characteristics would seem to ally him with the Dyak, the Tidong, and even the Arab more than the Malay. His language patois rather, includes bits of the above, Persian, Sanscrit, Hindustani, and old Javanese. His habits are his own. He is largely negroid, no wonder he is hard to bracket. His habitat is 1,000-2,000 islets in the Eastern Sea stretching from Palawan to the Celebes and the Moluccas, from Borneo in the west to the Pelews in the east. Traces of him may, too, be discovered even farther afield: the Gulf of Carpentaria, northern boundary of the Australian Continent, a case in point.

A VETERAN BAJAU FISHERMAN: A typical member of this anthropologically mysterious race

The Bajau (pronounced Badjow) is no tiller of the soil. He is essentially a boatman, true seaman to his marrow, boat-builder, and fisherman: by instinct and heredity a pirate. A courteous and kindly mannered one withal, he twists and withdraws his kris with a gentle smile and a low-voiced apology that must surely, rob death of a deal of its sting, perhaps. Incidentally he is perhaps most prone of all the Malay *bangsas* to "run amok," and this he is liable to do for any affront, fancied or real. At Tawau, where the writer lived, one such Bajau ran amok because someone had, doubtless unthinkingly, changed the position of his sleeping mat. With his kris he killed or dangerously wounded no fewer than twenty-six of his nearest and dearest, smiling encouragingly as he did so, then retreated to his boat house, standing on stilts. From here he was smoked out, though two of the armed constabulary were severely wounded in the process. Through mistaken zeal and a fresh breeze the smoking process developed into a firing, and calcined bones only remained to be thrown in the sea.

He has a penchant for descending upon and pillaging the lonely outlying lighthouses scattered among the lower eastern groups. Copper piping has a most compelling fascination for him. Should the lighthouse be in charge of keepers (all are not automatic) then it is "unlucky" for the keeper.

The chief strongholds of the Bajaus are, perhaps, Brunei, that city on stilts in the sea on the west coast of Borneo, Tambisan, and Simporna, two islands on the north-east coast and, on the mainland, Tawau in Sibuco Bay. The Bajau are a dying, and therefore romantic, race. Formerly they were a very numerous tribe. The only legend of any antiquity that I, who lived among them for years, ever heard about their past greatness is one extolling their feat of five generations ago of mustering on the north-east coast of Borneo 100 boats from each of 100 strongholds and in raiding every far-flung island between Borneo and the Pelews, and between the Celebes and the Philippines. Ten thousand boats would postulate about 100,000 people, which probably is fairly correct. Their numbers have been decimated by warfare, disease, and the advance of civilisation until to-day they cannot number, probably, more than 20,000. The doctrine of Malthus also is largely responsible, though probably this primitive people practised it some generations at least before that ornament of the church was born.

There is one marked characteristic about this race which seems to be peculiar to themselves. In all the mixed marriages the male children are true Bajau, the female almost always "throws" to the mother's race, Dyak, Bugis, or whatever her *bangsa* may happen to be. This is probably unique

A VILLAGE ON STILTS: Bajau fisherfolk, whose homes are perched high above the water. They are a dying race and to-day their numbers have dwindled to a mere 20,000

The Bajau is a shiftless person. He is no man's man; he is his own man always. He will never accept employment except, perhaps, for a few days or weeks at some congenial task such as fishing, boat-building, rafting timber, etc., and then only if he likes very much the person wishing to employ him or as necessity demands.

It is as a boat-builder that he is pre-eminent. His *sapit* is a double-ended high-wooded roomy vessel about 25 ft. long, constructed of light tough timber, the planks of which are pegged together, edge to edge, and lashed by human-hair cord. It has no transverse members of any sort except a natural grown breast hook knee for'd and a similar ganthook aft—the only boat in the world built in this fashion. Projecting 6 ft. over the stern is a square platform. On this they cook and sleep. The boat is wonderfully embellished by carving of high art and vivid pigmental colourings, a labour of love.

These vessels have been seen as far west as the Seychelles and the Comoro Islands off the East African littoral and as far east as Kusaie, that lonely southern sentinel of the Marshall group in the far-away North Pacific—a stretch of 8,000 miles.

It is about three centuries ago that our keels ploughed, for the first time, the waters of the Isles of the Blest and the Spice Islands of old, but 300 and more years before that every point and inlet, every mountain and stream of them was known to that hardy adventurer, that Viking of the Eastern Seas, the Bajau. Soon he will be memory only—peace to his ashes.

Cappy Ricks

A LONG PULL AND A STRONG PULL: Hauling into position one of the giant 75 ft. by 45 ft. mattresses of willow bound with reeds which, under a £35,000 scheme to combat flooding and erosion on the Humber, are now being sunk into the river bed at Ferriby Sluice, near the main Scunthorpe-New Holland Road. The mattresses are made by hand labour on the bank and once in position are weighted down with 100 or more tons of slag

RIVERS IN HARNESS

The Humber Erosion Problem Tackled— Power from the Waters of Galloway

ENTERPRISE NORTH OF THE BORDER: The huge dam and power house at Carlsfad (*above*), and (*right*) the dam and diversion of the river at Kendoon. Two newly completed sections of the £3,000,000 hydro-electric scheme in Galloway which has been undertaken to provide inexpensive electricity for Southern Scotland and North-west England. Two thousand men have worked for five years on the task, during which seven reservoirs and dams have been built, miles of pipe-line laid, five power houses constructed, and an artificial lake formed with a storage capacity of 900,000,000 gallons of water

"THE CANON'S DINNER": This and the other two examples of the art of Jehan Georges Vibert (1840—1902) reproduced below, come from the collection of Mrs. Peter W. Rouss and were auctioned a short while ago at the galleries of the American Art Association in New York. All three are imbued with a spirit of ecclesiastical bonhomie

"THE COIFFURE": The Cardinal turns his jovial face towards his valet, with whom he is evidently sharing a joke. Another work by Vibert, the French painter, who won such popularity when late in his career he directed his attention from imaginative subjects to genre. Much of this work is in the Metropolitan Museum, New York

"THE INCOMING TIDE": Another intensely human canvas by Vibert. The Cardinal, who has been reading in comfort in his capacious beach chair, leans forward, and to his dismay discovers the water is about to surround the place in which he is sitting. Meanwhile his chaplain watches a lackey "skipping" stones

THE ROMAN CHURCH IN ART

The Work of Jehan Georges Vibert Under the Hammer in New York—A French Artist with a Flair for Genre

THE KING—A "PERSONA MIXTA"

How the Anointing with Holy Oil at the Coronation Indues the Sovereign with Spiritual Jurisdiction

INTEREST in the coronation of King Edward VIII grows apace. It is not confined to official circles, where actually the work of preparation grows more precise as the weeks pass; nor to manufacturing areas, where many interests are vitally concerned, but to the people at large, who are already flocking in their thousands at week-ends to see the spot where the King will be crowned. In the Dominions, in America, in fact in all parts of the civilised world, interest, expectation, and a general curiosity are gathering way.

Books dealing with various aspects of the coming event are already being issued. One which emphasises the historic and religious nature of the coronation has just been published by John Murray and is entitled *The King's Crowning*. Dr. Robert H. Murray, Canon of Worcester, the author, has evidently made a very close and sympathetic study of the inner nature and outward ordering of the coronation ceremony. He most definitely stresses the religious nature of much of the ceremonial; he would, in fact, demonstrate that the King is made a priest, in the fashion of a bishop.

The chapter dealing with this priestly aspect of the coronation begins thus: "The great Christian service of the hallowing and sacring or coronation of our King takes place in Westminster Abbey, and is recognised throughout England and the Empire as a national act, in spite of the fact that many do not belong to the Church to which our Sovereign must belong. Is it not a splendid beginning of a new reign that the nation and Empire shall be able to join unitedly in the prayer 'God Save the King'? . . .

"To many the coronation is a thrilling pageant, yet to the thoughtful it is much more. To them it is the service that testifies emphatically to the double character of the Sovereign, for this service shares a priestly as well as a military character, and to anyone who peruses it carefully it is obvious that the priestly character predominates in it. Of one thing we may be very sure, and that is that no mere pageant would last ten centuries unless men found in it something religious, and the old-fashioned name for it was the hallowing or the sacring of the sovereign. The earliest known description of the consecration of a king, Aidan by name (d. 606), in Great Britain, occurs in the life of St. Columba.

CORONATION WEAR: This dress and robe for a peeress, designed by a well-known fashion house, were shown to the Duke and Duchess of York when they recently attended the Ball at Claridge's in aid of the South London Hospital

The sacring or hallowing of a sovereign is not in the least peculiar to England. The Holy Roman Emperor was vested in amice, alb, and girdle, "and they shall bring him to the Lord Pope . . . and he makes him a clergyman; and gives him the tunic, dalmatic and cope and mitre, the buskins, and sandals."

"As we recognise the position of the sovereign in the Church," says Dr. Murray, "we are not surprised to find that his coronation service is modelled on the same lines as the consecration of a bishop. The heart of each service is the consecration and anointing, followed by the delivery of ornaments. By virtue of his unction the great Canonist lawyer, William Lyndwood (d. 1446), terms the King a *persona mixta*, as he shares the nature of a clerk in Holy Orders as well as that of a layman. Nor was this merely the view of canon law, for it was also the view of civil law.

"The coronation is a great pageant: it is also a great religious service, and had it not been such a service it could not have lasted the generations it has done. According to a sometime Dean of Westminster, Dr. Armitage Robinson, our forefathers 'consciously moulded it on the form for the consecration of a Bishop.' The time for the consecration of a Bishop and the coronation of a King was anciently always on a Sunday, and later was on one of the great festivals, as an Apostle's day. The Archbishop or Metropolitan examines the Bishop to be consecrated and the Bishop takes the oath of canonical obedience: the Archbishop also examines the King and he takes the oath to observe certain conditions.

"In broad outline we have traced a parallel between the consecration of a Bishop and the hallowing of a King. The resemblances are marked, notably so if we consider the vestments each wears. We may, if we like, equate the crosier with the sceptre as we may equate the mitre with the crown. To Bishop and King the ring is common, while the vestments continue the parallel. A Bishop at the Eucharist and a Sovereign on coronation wear mainly the same vestments."

THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY CORONATION ANNEXE IN 1911: Next year a similar structure will be erected at this same spot, adjacent to the west front in the Broad Sanctuary, and Sir James West is now at work on his design. As in the past it will contain two entrances, one for the peers and peeresses and one for the King, and will be used only on Coronation day

A GEM OF CERAMIC ART: One of the most attractive and at the same time one of the rarest figures produced at Chelsea in the earlier years of the porcelain factory was that of a nurse with a child, and this example of it, which is in a perfect state of preservation, has recently been given to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Signora A. Cardinale-Topham. The figure belongs to the mid-eighteenth century period when Chelsea products were at their artistic zenith and being produced under the discerning eye of the great Nicolas Sprimont

THE BIRTH OF THE FUTURE GEORGE IV in 1762 is almost certainly commemorated by this glass goblet which has recently been presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Her Majesty Queen Mary

RARE PORCELAIN AND GLASSWARE

Acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum—Queen Mary's Gift

Queen Mary's gift of a collection of glassware to the Victoria and Albert Museum has particular interest in view of the forthcoming Coronation, for many of the pieces she has presented have, in addition to their merit as works of art, associations with the past history of the Royal Family. The two goblets reproduced herewith exemplify the artistry of former Royal souvenirs, and, as such, are certainly deserving of study by present-day manufacturers faced with the task of preparing designs for next year. With regard to the Museum's acquisition of the Nurse and Child figure, an expert writes as follows: "So excellent is the figure in every respect that the mark of an anchor in red discreetly painted in an angle of the base was hardly necessary to show that it belongs to the period about 1750–5 now so highly favoured by collectors of English porcelain. The admirable workmanship and the reticent colouring—little beyond a slight tinting of the flesh, black on the shoes, and sprigs of 'Indian flowers' on the skirt—are in the true Chelsea style"

COMMEMORATING GEORGE IV's CORONATION: A goblet, also presented by Queen Mary, bearing an equestrian portrait of Sir Henry Dymoke, the King's champion, whose duty it was to challenge all comers to contest the King's title

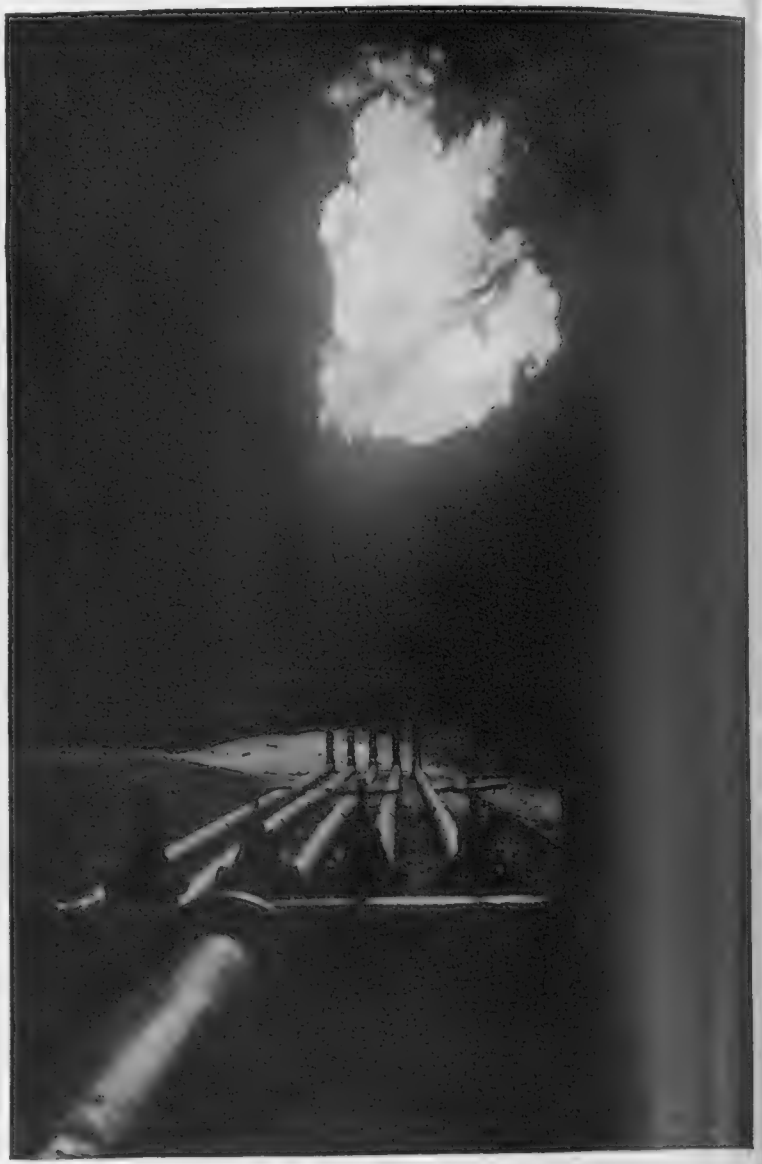
LIFE AND WORK IN TH

The Iraq Petroleum Company's Great Desert Production Ce

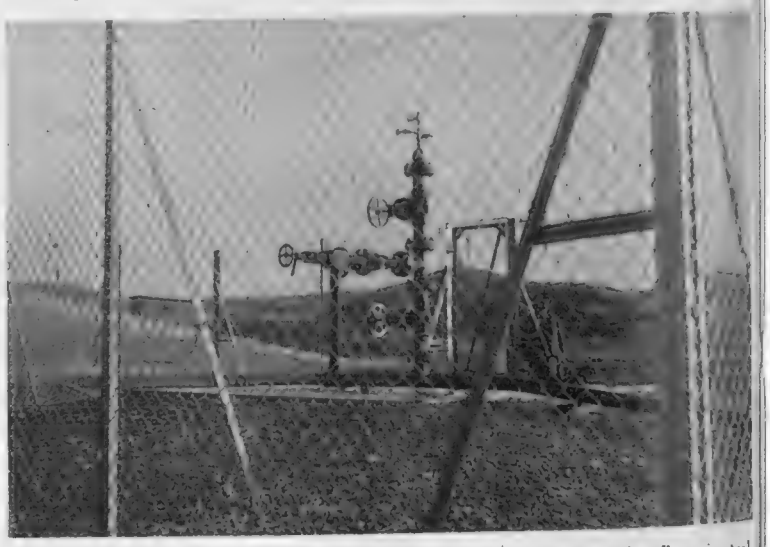
BORING A NEW WELL: Part of a string of drilling tools (which are suspended within the derrick) in action at Kirkuk, the Iraq Petroleum Company's oilfield which has a yearly output of over 3,500,000 tons. *Below*—AN ARAB EMPLOYEE of the company

One of the latest innovations in the Kirkuk oilfields is the introduction of the new stabilisation process. It has come into being through the discovery that natural gas coming from oil-wells contains fractions of highly valuable oil which could be used if these fractions were reintroduced into the oil; on the other hand crude oil as it comes from the well contains certain unpleasant gaseous properties such as methane, ethane, and hydrogen sulphide which have proved to be a hindrance to the refining process.

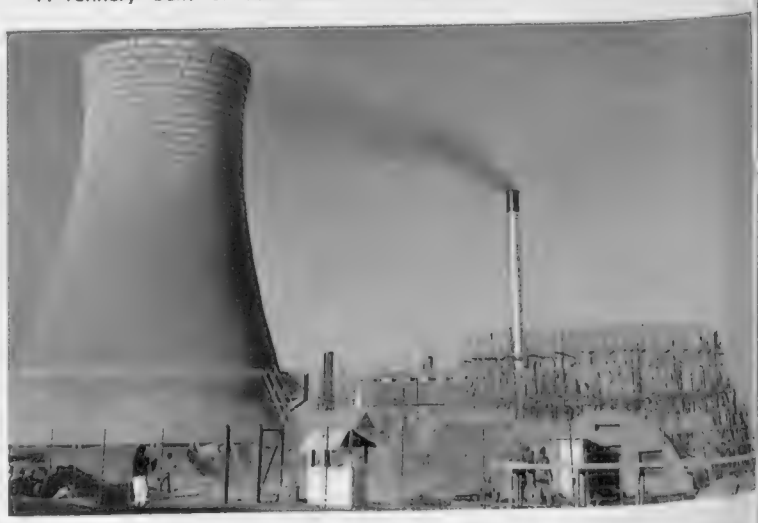
The object of stabilisation is to eliminate the unwanted elements in the crude oil and replace them by the desirable elements in the gas. The result of this process is that the crude oil is less susceptible to evaporation during transport and those gases which form a hindrance during final refining are removed, so that the end product is of better quality. Thus stabilisation offers two important advantages, and its employment at Kirkuk augurs well for the future of the oilfields



GIGANTIC FLAMING JETS: Certain gases from the oil-wells, which would prove a hindrance in refining, are directed along these pipes and burnt away. This forms part of the new stabilisation process described below



"THE CHRISTMAS TREE": This is the nickname given to the flow control apparatus placed at the head of a well after boring is completed. *Below*—A refinery built of reinforced concrete seen in course of construction



HE OILFIELDS OF KIRKUK

Centre and its New and Revolutionary Stabilisation Process

RIGGING A BED IN THE OPEN: During the hottest months of the year the European employees of the Company sleep out of doors, for the heat can be stifling and it is unendurable then to be cooped within four walls

A WASTE PIPE through which unwanted gases are passed before being burnt away. *Below*—An aerial view of one of the many pumping stations that have been set up along the pipe-lines going from Kirkuk to the Mediterranean

BY THE PALM-CLAD BANKS OF THE TIGRIS: This steel tower belongs to the transporter apparatus by means of which lorries bound for the oilfields can be lifted up and deposited on the other side of the Tigris, thus eliminating a roundabout journey

A KURDISH WORKMAN: Men of this lithe and active race predominate in Kirkuk and on the whole prove good employees, revealing plenty of natural intelligence. Some of them, however, are apt to be wild and lawless and their uncompromising attitude concerning racial distinction is a decidedly unfortunate feature of their character

A POLITICAL ALLEGORY: Robert Marrison (Leslie Banks; centre), the Minister for War, attempts to apply his political theories to the solution of a rustic squabble, and, while preaching the doctrine of attack being the best form of defence, persuades the unwilling yokels to arm themselves and rescue a herd of impounded cows. An episode from *Till the Cows Come Home* at the St. Martin's Theatre

DRAMA:

"Parnell."—Contemporary drama, in the sense of seeing on the stage not only people we have known and spoken to but people we do know and possibly speak to, seems to be creeping nearer; comfortably or uncomfortably, according to one's point of view, and, of course, according to the interest or tedium of the people in question.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street, *Parnell*, and *Oscar Wilde* (this last as yet unlicensed for public performance) —that brings us to the end of the Victorian era and to a date little over thirty years ago. The next step is surely very close. In an age when publicity is valued highly, I should imagine that the majority of living celebrities would grab at the chance of seeing themselves on the stage, and Charles Laughtonised or George Arlissified on the screen.

Besides, in this case relations would not have to be consulted or smoothed down. If Miss Margaret Rawlings' next impersonation at the New Theatre is to be Lady Astor, and the one after that Dame Ethel Smyth, or even herself (I hear that Mr. C. B. Cochran is shortly to appear in a film as Mr. C. B. Cochran), that is nobody else's business. It is only when the protagonist in the drama—or one of the protagonists—is dead that his or her descendants can make themselves heard, which they have every right to do.

The late Captain O'Shea we can now see depicted every night in London (except Sundays) and for a couple of matinees as a rather unpleasant person. That certain people closely concerned took exception to this but that now all is well, is more or less ancient history.

Which brings me to this play *Parnell*. I am glad official bans and hindrances have been removed, because it is remarkably powerful and impressive. But for that reason alone. I see no cause for, literally, turning the limelight on to notorious love-affairs, political or otherwise, of the immediate past just because they were notorious. That is, in fact, a wholly undesirable proceeding

MR. TERENCE RATTIGAN is a new author and I am told that he is a young one. That is good news for the theatre, since he has plenty of time before him to write many more plays as good as *French Without Tears* at the Criterion. Possibly better. I say "possibly" because, though Mr. Rattigan is a young man it is not likely that he is also a super-man, and to write a better light comedy than this would be a pretty tough task.

Froth from beginning to end, it is froth of the highest quality and it fails to satisfy the appetite (which is the way of froth) only in the sense that one rises from the meal with a desire for more. And that is one of the definitions of a perfect meal.

At the Villa Miramar in the South of France French is being learned without tears but not without obstacles. The main obstacle is love, or something that passes for it. Four young men are the pupils of the French professor (played with a style and an accent alike faultless) and the female devil among the tailors is one Diana. Diana one suspects to be a *demie-vierge* and one knows she is a minx.

A graver damsel is Jacqueline, the professor's pretty daughter, who provides a touch of sentiment though not too much of it. And that is really all that need be said of *French Without Tears*, except that Mr. Rattigan exercises a natural gift for dialogue that flows along so easily that it

"DO YOU RAISE COWS BECAUSE YOU ARE CALM, OR ARE YOU CALM BECAUSE YOU RAISE COWS?" asks Robert Marrison (Leslie Banks) of Joan Forrester (Adrianne Allen), the young girl cattle breeder with whom he has fallen desperately in love. Another comedy scene from *Till the Cows Come Home*

is only the general glow of satisfaction after about half an act of it that makes one realise that not a word is wasted, and that there is scarcely a phrase that has not wit in it.

Much of the work fell to Miss Kay Hammond as Diana. This was a wise piece of casting; Miss Hammond is a comedienne not of the realistic school; that is to say, it is doubtful whether the people she creates in plays could exist. That drawling voice and air of apparent stupidity would belong wholly to broad caricature were their possessor less charming. But she knows what effects she wants and how to get them. Miss Jessica Tandy is as precisely right in this play as she was precisely wrong as Ophelia, and gives a delightful performance.

None of the young men is a prig or a bore or an oaf, and most of the "fat" goes to that amusing person, Mr. Rex Harrison.

THE DRESDEN OPERA COMPANY'S VISIT TO COVENT GARDEN: Countess Rosina (Margarete Teschemacher), Count Almaviva (Mathieu Ahlersmeyer), and peering round the curtain, Susanna (Maria Cebotari) in Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*, one of the five pieces presented by the visitors

On right—DRINKING A TOAST TO THE RETURN OF PEACE: John Marrison (C. V. France), rejoices in his son's departure for London and the cessation of his meddling in local affairs by arming labourers in a law-abiding country. One of the closing episodes in Geoffrey Kerr's political allegory at the St. Martin's

Frothy Though Entertaining Fare at the Criterion—"Parnell" Evidences a New and Disturbing Trend in the Theatre

By PHILIP PAGE

in itself. The only legitimate test for a play such as this—indeed, the only excuse for its existence—is that it should be equally interesting with imaginary names for its characters and its situations unrecognisable, or barely recognisable. As to those situations, there is, I grant, a difficulty: the field is, *ipso facto*, narrowed down considerably. Yet, after all, Parnell was not the only eminent politician who committed adultery, nor even the only one unlucky enough to be found out.

Incidentally, this play proves Mr. Gladstone yet again to have been profoundly right in his many prognostications, though the G.O.M., fond though he was of the stage, cannot have foreseen the theatrical twist of his prophecy. "We shall be forgotten!" declares Mrs. O'Shea, in her interview with him, of herself and Parnell. "Do you think so?" was the reply—meaning, obviously, "There's not the slightest chance of it."

So far from that romantic pair now being forgotten (as they might have been, save by students of political history and of the Home Rule question in particular), they will now achieve fame beyond the wildest contemporary expectation. The play at the New Theatre is so fine in almost every way that it surely cannot fail to run there for many, many months. It is already known abroad. Film production for the seething millions will inevitably follow. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea may even become as famous as Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, and certainly much more famous than that other pair of ill-fated lovers, Antony and Cleopatra, who last held the boards at this theatre (though not for long).

The play is, I again emphasise, superb. But much of its success is due to Miss Rawlings. Probably the portrait is idealised; that one can only hazard if one is not a veteran, and a veteran who moved in those political circles. As a portrait of a woman in love, unselfishly in love, it is painted in warm and vivid colours. With a voice like the tones of a 'cello and plenty of brains to prompt it, as well as every turn of her interpretation of the part, she is vital and arresting from first to last.

Parnell, who sacrificed more, including his political ideals and the adoration of his party, was, naturally, less vivid. Perhaps his sombreness throughout the play was because he was feeling rather ashamed of himself. At least Mr. Wyndham Goldie, an admirable actor, made him human. Mr. Arthur Young's sketch of Mr. Gladstone—the second "stage" Gladstone I have seen—seemed as authentic as it could be to one who never saw the real thing. Mr. J. O'Rourke, as a faithful follower, had enough of the Irish in him to flavour the whole of the New Theatre for at least a year.

FIFTEENTH-CENTURY HISTORICAL DRAMA: Hastings (Robert Rendel), Edward IV (Gyles Isham), Mistress Shore (Joan Maude), Lord Dorset (Francis James), and Edward's brother, later to become Richard III, (Esmond Knight) in Clifford Bax's play, *The King and Mistress Shore*, which was presented at the Little Theatre last week and has as its central figure the woman whose liveliness and wit so attracted Edward IV

THE WICKED UNCLE: Richard III (Esmond Knight) with the young princes whose death he is accused of encompassing in order to bring himself to the throne. Another scene from *The King and Mistress Shore*

SUBTLETY AND POWER are the keynotes of Margaret Rawlings' interpretation of the role of Mrs. O'Shea in Elsie T. Schauffler's play *Parnell* which, having at last been licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, is now drawing large audiences to the New Theatre. *(See review above)*

"The King and Mistress Shore."—

If one were in the mood of Plutarch and his Parallels, some degree of mild academic fun could be derived from comparing *Parnell* with historical love affairs of the more remote past in the matter of Mr. Clifford Bax's *The King and Mistress Shore*. The latter might also be compared with that not-quite-so-distant but equally royal historical play *Charles the King*.

In both the royal plays modern language is used (it is a coincidence that the late W. G. Wills wrote plays about both Charles I and Jane Shore and used modern language in neither). In the case of *Charles the King*, which I consider to be a work of remarkable merit, the trick, if trick it be, has succeeded. In *The King and Mistress Shore* it frankly has not. It is not, of course, solely a question of language. Mr. Bax pursued much the same method with his *The Rose Without a Thorn*, which was delightful. I would be hard put to it to say exactly why and how the Shore play disappoints. I only know that it does. There are good moments in it; the author is too sound a man to let us down altogether. But I am minded of the late Sir Squire Bancroft's criticism of the late Arthur Bourchier's Macbeth. "Parts of it are good," drawled the old man, "and parts of it are not so good. But are the parts of it that are good, *good enough?*"

(Continued on page 292)

A REVIVAL AT THE ROYALTY: Kendal Chalmers as James Payton and Sophie Stewart in the title role of *Marigold* which is now having a new lease of life and from Boxing Day onwards is to be presented twice daily. It had a long run in the West End in 1927

"WHAT VISIONARY TINTS THE YEAR PUTS ON": The magnificent half-mile elm avenue leading to Ufford Church, Suffolk, is at its best in the autumn with its overhanging foliage a blaze of wonderfully variegated golden tones (a camera study by Douglas Went)

ENGLAND'S AUTUMN GLORY

SPLASHING THROUGH THE FORD: Ploughboys, returning with their team after a day's work in the fields, avoid the bridge and go through the water to clean the horses' feet. A scene in the charming old Suffolk village of Ufford in Constable's country

A BIT OF LAKELAND SAVED: Wilson Place Farm, Little Langdale, which has recently been bought by Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., to prevent the land from falling into the hands of builders. The purchase price of the sixty-four acres was in the neighbourhood of £1,800

STAR DUST

Film News and Film Personalities of the Moment

IN A BERLIN STUDIO: Lilian Harvey, the blonde British star who of recent years has made such a big name for herself in Germany, seen with Henry Garat in the French version of the German picture *Gay Vagabonds*

SUPER-LIGHT FANTASTICS: To the teasing Jerome Kern tune, "Pick Yourself Up," Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire display their dancing skill in their latest "musical," *Swing Time*, which has been drawing large audiences to the Regal. It is less than two years since this pair scored their first big joint success

ELISABETH BERGNER, who is now making the English version of her German success *Dreaming Lips*, being sketched by Stanley Parker, an Australian artist

"A STAR IS BORN": This is the appropriate title of the new technicolour picture, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March, in which Elizabeth Jenns (*above*) makes her Hollywood debut. A magazine picture, showing her watching tennis at Wimbledon, was responsible for her obtaining a contract. *On left*—Ida Lupino and James Blakeley in the Pickford-Lasky production, *The Gay Desperado*, which came to the London Pavilion on Monday, November 9

The Play Censor at Work

Over a Thousand Manuscripts Read by the Lord Chamberlain and His Staff in 1935

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT was Charles II who first instituted the censorship of plays. The need for this was revealed recently at the Old Vic, where Wycherley's masterpiece, *The Country Wife*, drew crowds for several weeks. Despite the fact that the original version was largely expurgated, it has been far and away the sauciest play of the autumn season. The office of stage censor was not finally legitimised until the Theatres Act of 1843, which is why, for example, *The Country Wife* can be put on with impunity although if written to-day it would not have the slightest chance of a licence.

The censorship of plays is one of the many duties of the Lord Chamberlain, and by no means one of the least important. For the King's palaces, regalia, pictures, swans, and other possessions must all be supervised by him in his capacity as Principal Great Officer and head of the Royal Household. As censor of plays the Lord Chamberlain is an autocrat. There is no appeal from his decision, and whenever he chooses to do so he can revoke a licence held by a theatre. True, he has not done so for a number of years. I fancy the Alhambra before the war was the last victim of his displeasure.

Incidentally, too, his powers go far beyond that of censoring plays. It is the Lord Chamberlain who must be consulted and whose approval must be acquired for the building of any new theatres, or the alteration to the structure of any old ones. He is assisted by a staff of two regular readers and one reader of Welsh plays, together with a secretariat of nine, and an unofficial committee of six whose opinions he can take on the desirabilty of any given play. Occasionally, too, he consults bishops, the Home Office, and the Foreign Office with regard to particular themes for stage plays.

The Lord Chamberlain's offices are in St. James's Palace. During the months of July and August the manuscripts of at least three plays arrive every day to be submitted for his approval. Needless to say, they are only sent when they have been accepted by a reputable management for future production. In 1933 921 plays were submitted; in 1934 the figure rose to 957; in 1935 there were 1,008. This year already there have been 719. Ireland, by the way, has its own censor, and even before the Irish Free State came into existence the Abbey Theatre management never showed its manuscripts to the Lord Chamberlain.

When the play has been read, a licence is granted subject, probably, to a number of minor alterations. It is safe to say that at least one play in three needs some adjustment. On the back of the licence itself is printed a number of instructions to the effect that no profanity or impropriety of language is to be permitted; nor any indecency of dress, dance, or gesture; no objectionable personal references to be allowed on the stage nor anything calculated to produce rioting or breach of the peace; nor finally any offensive representation of living persons to be permitted. The last rule is particularly necessary nowadays when foreign governments grow more and more nationalist and therefore more sensitive to humorous sallies. Mussolini, Hitler, and other leading figures in international politics may not be represented or caricatured on the stage. This is reasonable. The object of the censorship of plays is to protect people's feelings. If there was no play censorship anyone might be pilloried. In any event no undesirable references to the Deity are permitted. Blasphemy and remarks capable of an adverse reflection on the reigning house are naturally forbidden. So, too, are plays depending on the effeminacy of men or the masculinity of women. Generally speaking, however, plays are judged on their merits, and much more latitude is granted to a serious play when odd things are said by the characters, than to revues, where such remarks would be properly regarded as purely titillating. Thus the word "bastard" will be passed in a straight play given a justifiable background; whereas it would be ruled out at once in a light comedy.

At this point I recall a conversation many years ago with the Duke of Atholl just after his resignation from the office of Play Censor. He told me on that occasion that a high percentage of the more lewd and blasphemous remarks, scenes, and plots in the plays submitted to him were written by people professing to call themselves religious revivalists, and others allegedly anxious to raise the moral standard of society.

Meantime the Lord Chamberlain's office is progressive in its outlook on life. It permits many things to be performed on the stage or said in public which were forbidden ten years ago, the Lord Chamberlain realising that morality if not ambulatory is by no means static. It was not until *Pygmalion* that the word "bloody" was permitted by the Lord Chamberlain. To-day it has become unfortunately a colloquialism among the Upper Four Thousand, whose vocabulary, particularly of adjectives, is sadly limited. It is possible that the word "Cissy" may become later on so usual that it will be allowed on the stage. At the moment it is very properly forbidden.

More technical objections to individual plays are illustrated by the case of *Parnell*, which was originally refused a licence because of complaints from the family. In the course of time these complaints got whittled away. At the present minute no play based on the life of Queen Victoria, such as *Victoria Regina*, which has had such amazing success in New York with Helen Hayes playing the leading part, is permitted in London. This is only natural as long as any of her actual sons and daughters, such as the Duke of Connaught and Princess Beatrice, are alive. Similarly a play about Kitchener or Haig would probably not be licensed. That is because the Lord Chamberlain would, if such plays were submitted to him, write to the relatives and ask whether they had any objection. If they had the licence would not be granted. Other people so recently deceased would have their memories equally respected.

Mind you, even if a play has been read and passed, the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction does not end there. It is possible that something has been overlooked, particularly in the stage directions. It is a fact that a famous comedienne once sang a religious hymn to six old gentlemen on the stage with such expression that she was nearly put in prison. Actually there is rarely an official representative of the Lord Chamberlain's office at a first night, but there are many people who poke their noses into other people's business. Public morality watch committees abound, the best known branch being at Birmingham, though the one in London is also very strong. Members of the committee write a complaint to the Lord Chamberlain, whereupon someone from the office goes and forms his own judgment. Possibly excisions result from such visits about six times a year, following an official letter to the management.

Legally, theatrical producers are compelled to maintain the script word for word. Even the omission of the word "and" might be breaking the law and render them liable to the removal of their licence. Municipal authorities, of course, have their own local powers in their own areas, and can suppress sketches, plays, and lines. A recent case was that of *Transatlantic Rhythm*, one of the sketches of which was banned in the provinces.

This year ten plays have been banned *in toto* since January 1. About one in three, as I have already said, are sent back for some alteration, which may be anything from the removal of a complete scene to the substitution of a single word. Many of the plays, one may add, are very poor, and the readers sometimes sit amazed at the bare possibility of their ever being put on the stage. One of the regular rules of the Lord Chamberlain's Department is to annotate with a caution any stage direction such as "the heroine proceeds to undress." This caution points out that the undressing shall be done with due regard to public decency and so as to cause no offence.

It may also be pointed out that the Lord Chamberlain grants occasional licences for places like polytechnics, institutes, working men's clubs,

(Continued on page 292)

THE EARL OF CROMER: The Lord Chamberlain, one of whose duties it is to read plays and license them for public presentation. At least one in three of those he receives needs some adjustment

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE where a staff of readers is constantly at work perusing plays. Last year over one thousand were submitted for approval

FAMOUS FIGURES AND STAGE CENSORSHIP: *Left*—Wyndham Goldie in the title role of the play *Parnell*, which, after at first being banned, has now been licensed. *Right*—Barry Jones as Charles I. The Lord Chamberlain made no objection to this representation of an English sovereign but he would certainly ban any Queen Victoria play

THE QUINS ARE GROWING UP

Some New Pictures of the Wonder Dionne Children

WHOOPS, THERE IT GOES! It's getting too late in the year for a parasol, anyway, so Annette just smiles as the autumn wind turns her sunshade inside out. The Quins, who are now nearly 2½ years old, are growing apace, just as their bank balances are, and, if possible, are an even greater cause of interest than in those dramatic days of 1934 when Dr. Dafoe ushered them into the world and saved them by his skill

THE FIVE GRACES: Marie, Cecilie, Emilie, and Yvonne wait for nurse to bring on refreshment, while impatient Annette seeks solace in the empty mug. Their check milk-maid bonnets, cosy three-quarter length jackets, and long trousers suit them to perfection

TICKLE, TICKLE! Cecilie has a game with Dr. Dafoe's moustache. She is wearing here a neat little Dutch cap, set at a rakish angle, while her sweater testifies there is now a decided autumn nip in the Ontario air

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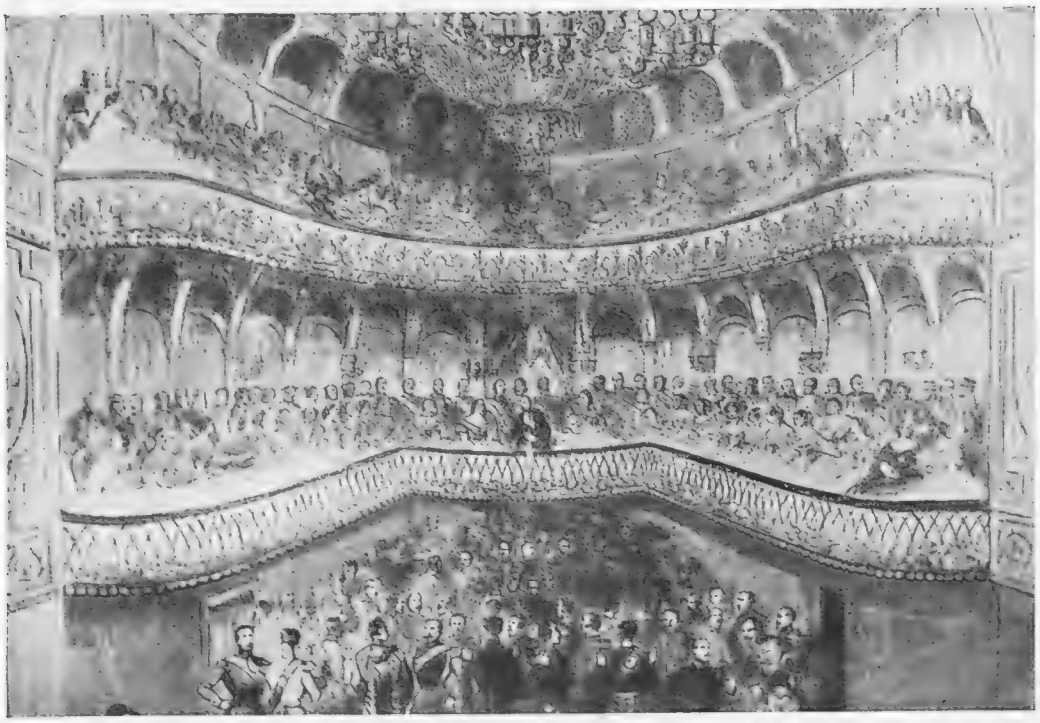
MARIE, ANNETTE, AND EMILIE: More new pictures of the famous Dionne children who, during last summer, were visited by close on 500,000 people at their home in Callander and who following their first success in the film, *The Country Doctor*, are now continuing their screen careers, proving once again, it is said, their qualities as "natural, noisy comediennes." The illustrations on this page indicate decided changes in the children since their second birthday. They are clearly entering a new phase of babyhood and one or two of them are inclining to put on weight. None the less their captivating charm remains



NOW RESTORED TO ITS OLD-TIME GLORY: The Imperial theatre of Fontainebleau—a perfect example of Second Empire architecture—as it appeared in the days of Napoleon III. The monarch is shown in this drawing seated in the *corbeille*, the name given to the central part of the lower circle

Fontainebleau's Imperial Theatre

A New Lease of Life for a Famous Playhouse

By ALEXANDER WATT

AT the same time that Marie Antoinette's theatre was re-opened at Versailles, in June this year, work was completed on the restoration of the Second Empire theatre at Fontainebleau. This charming little theatre is no less interesting than that of Marie Antoinette for it marks an important stage in the history and art of France. It, also, is quite unknown to the general public for it was locked up and left forgotten for nearly seventy years.

The history of this theatre dates back to about the same time as that at Versailles: it is known that *Le Devin du Village* was here played in front of Louis XVI (probably in 1781) who had watched the Queen herself act in this comedy in her own theatre. Unfortunately, in 1856, the theatre, then situated inside the Château de Fontainebleau, was destroyed by fire.

The architect Lefuel was ordered to construct the new playhouse. He cut in half the right Louis XV wing, that leads up to the château, knocked down all the interior walls and partitions, and built up the new Court theatre in between the original façades. This intimate and sumptuously decorated little theatre was inaugurated the following year, on May 13, 1857, on the occasion of the visit of the Grand Duke Constantinus of Russia. Two comedies—*Une Tempête dans un Verre d'Eau*, and *Le Mari à la Campagne*, played by the actors of the Comédie-Française, were given that evening in his honour.

During its whole history extremely little was made known of any of the representations that took place in the theatre. All these grand theatrical parties were marked with a character of great elegance and intimacy. Except for a few lines that appeared in the *Abeille*, the local newspaper, not a single paper of the time even gave mention to this opening night!

A second representation took place about May 20, 1857, while the King of Bavaria was in residence at Fontainebleau. *Bataille de Dames*, by Scribe and Legouvé, was played on this occasion. The theatre was used for the third time in June, 1860, when the actors of the Théâtre du Gymnase played *Pattes de Mouche*, by Sardou. The Court gave such little publicity to these fêtes that even the *Abeille* was unable to procure a programme of a very private performance that was given later that year.

In June, 1861, arrangements were made for Alexandre Dumas' *Angèle* to be played by the actors of the Théâtre de l'Ambigu, but it has never been known if this performance was really given. Then followed a long period of seven years when the theatre was not used at all. Two comedies, *On ne Badine pas Avec l'Amour* and *A Deux de Jeu*, by Ernest Legouvé, were played on August 31, 1861, in honour of Prince Girgenti (brother of the ex-King of Naples) and of the Princess, daughter of the Queen of Spain. Only two more performances were given, the dates of which are unknown. The theatre was eventually closed in 1870, thirteen years after its inauguration on May 13, 1857.

For sixty-six years the Imperial theatre of Fontainebleau remained shrouded underneath its dust covers, until M. Georges Huisman, Directeur Général des Beaux-Arts, decided that this perfect example of Second Empire architecture and decoration should be revealed to the public. All the carpets, hangings, and muslin curtains were found to be in a sorry need of repair after sixty-six years of neglect. With the few funds available, however, it was possible to restore the entire theatre to its former aspect.

One of the most striking features of the auditorium is the manner in which the balconies are orientated more towards the centre of the first balcony than towards the stage. This part of the auditorium was called the *corbeille* for it was here that the Emperor and the Empress and their favourites used to sit. During these elegant *soirées intimes* attention was thus more directed to their royal persons than to the stage itself. The auditorium seats approximately 350 persons. There are stalls (which were reserved for the officers of the royal household and for the garrison at Fontainebleau, in full dress uniform), two balconies and a top gallery screened with latticed *œils-de-bœuf*. The decorative motifs are here the same as those in Marie Antoinette's theatre at Versailles: gilded, rococo-like putti stand between the *œils-de-bœuf* holding garlands of flowers and fruit. The second balcony is decorated with a gilded acanthus leaf pattern, while a chain of flowers, painted in subtle pastel shades against a gilded trellis-work, borders the first balcony. The partitions, columns, and supporting arches are all ornamented with gilded arabesques of delicate design. The large panels are hung with a fine yellow embroidered satin. All the balcony chairs and balcony rails are upholstered with the same material, padded, and buttoned. Except for the long stall seats, which are upholstered in blue, the colour scheme of the whole auditorium thus forms a simple and most pleasing harmony of yellow and gold. The blue stall seats give a satisfying effect of balance to what might otherwise appear an exaggerated display of gilt.

Part of the walls of the private salon of the Empress, situated immediately behind the *corbeille* are also upholstered with yellow *capitonné* satin. The panels above are each ornamented with gilded emblems of music and bordered with arabesques. The furniture, of course, is of the Second Empire period.

Everything on the stage, in the auditorium, in the salons, foyers, and passages has been faithfully restored in every detail. Even the wire-baskets for holding the flower pots and the carpets are all authentic.

A performance was given in June, at the height of the Paris season, as the finishing touches were being given to this unique Second Empire theatre. On this occasion the actors from the Comédie-Française played Alexandre Dumas' *Le demi-monde* before a distinguished audience. An excellent impression of what must have been the elegant splendour of the theatrical parties given by Napoleon III and the Empress was conveyed by the presence of certain members of the audience dressed in the period costumes and uniforms. It is to be hoped that further such performances will be given in the near future in the Imperial theatre of the national palace of Fontainebleau.

SELF-PORTRAIT BY MONET (1886)

These two striking portraits, by Claude Monet, are the outstanding exhibits at a great retrospective exhibition of paintings by the master of Impressionism, held at the Durand-Ruel Gallery, Paris. The collection of forty-eight canvases, which represents twenty-three years of painting (1865-1888), is intended to illustrate the evolution of Monet's art and indicate the various influences he experienced and exercised.

These two portraits are especially interesting in this respect. Both are comparatively unknown pictures and are not to be found in reproduction in any of the many works written on the art of Claude Monet.

Monet painted the portrait of his wife in 1866, at a time when he experienced the influence of his noted contemporary Manet. The powerful composition and explicit handling of this painting, with its touches of salient blacks, whites, and reds, recall portraits similarly treated by this master.

Monet's style of painting gradually changed with the years towards a marked Impressionist mannerism, but it was not until 1886 that he attained recognition as one of the leading exponents of Impressionism. This is the date of his "Self-Portrait" (painted twenty years later than that of his wife). It clearly indicates the marked change in style, and may be considered one of his masterpieces of Impressionist painting.

Two Unpublished Monets

Little-Known Portraits on View in Paris

MADAME MONET WITH HER DOG (1866)

LONDON LUXURY

"AFTER going through America, Germany, France, and England," a well-known economist has just said, "the thing that impresses me above all others is the quality of everything you have here. In America they have marvellously slick production; in Germany such perfection of machine-made goods that it becomes monotonous; in France they have ideas and an incomparable artistic flair; but in England—every little thing has quality. I have been completely fascinated by it. The quality of your leathers—your shoes and bags; the quality of your clothes; the beautiful assurance with which Englishwomen wear exquisite jewels. Even the quality of your drinks."

And it is true. Because we live with it we either take it for granted or never notice it at all. But the moment one begins to look around one realises it. Everywhere more money is being spent. At one London store the other day, when I asked to see some gloves and bags, two pairs of gloves were shown to me; one pair in real otter fur, with brown degrain palms, at 7½ guineas, and another in Persian lamb, with suède palms, at 5½ guineas. Of the bags, the first, in Petit Point, so exquisitely fine that it had 1,900 stitches to the square inch, cost 25 guineas; while the second, in black antelope, had a moulded mirror frame inset with paste and pearls, and could be yours (or mine) for 12 guineas. This is a page that should be shown, with apparent artlessness, to all prospective Christmas gift buyers.

One sees it at night, too, this new feeling for luxury—this desire to dress up to a special occasion. It may be that already the Coronation is influencing us; or perhaps it was this summer's record number of visitors from America and Overseas who have put us on our mettle. The beginning may be theoretical. The actual fact is visible, for in the crowded restaurants and theatre stalls every night one sees women who are dressed, not only expensively, but with imagination—who are expressing once more not only good taste, but a feeling of gaiety and romance. It starts at their flower-crowned heads and it ends at their jewelled, sandalled feet. It flashes from their arms, heavy with bracelets, and it clings about them like the exotic perfumes which they are using now.

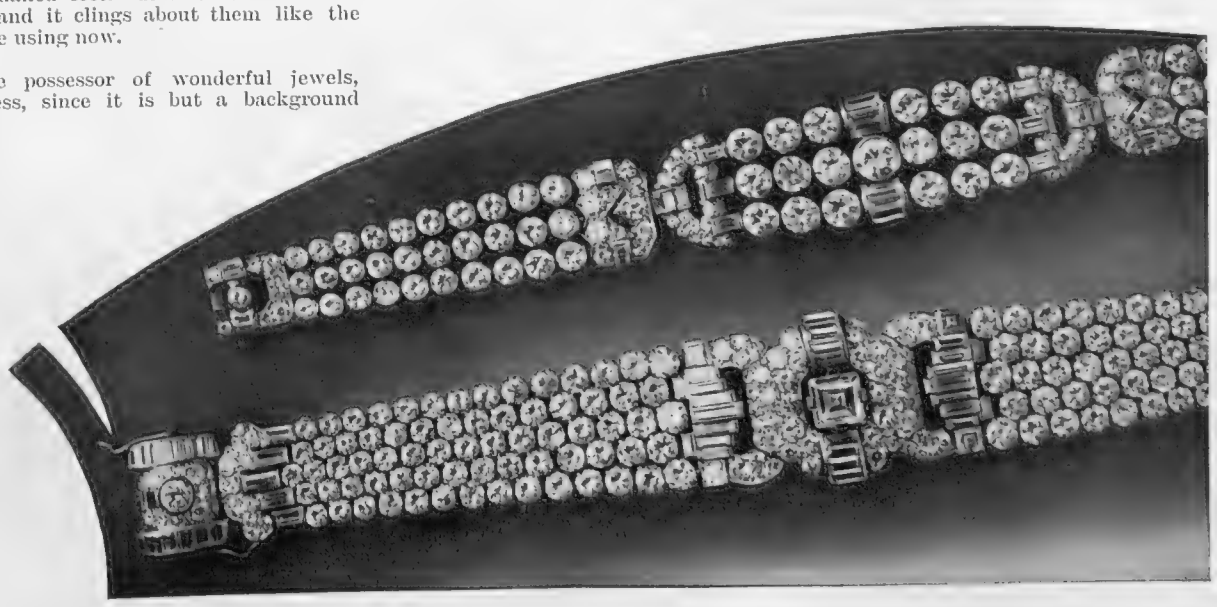
If you are the fortunate possessor of wonderful jewels, be conservative in your dress, since it is but a background for them, and they are a supremely flattering frame for you. But if the most you have is perhaps twin clips and possibly a bracelet or two, heighten their glamorous effect by using colour as a painter might do, knowing the value of light and shade, appreciating the delicate loveliness of pastel shades offset by deep, rich tones; by pinning a butterfly or a tiny feathered bird or brilliant flowers in your hair: by using a light make-up and a pale nail varnish: and by wearing metal tissues or lamés that look like molten gold or copper or pewter.

Beautiful jewels are always a lasting joy, but much of their effectiveness depends upon the artistry and the modernity of their setting. The newest vogue stresses an individuality of treatment, and the massing of colour.

In the two bracelets reproduced in detail at the foot of this page Hunt and Roskell, of 25 Old Bond Street, have set separately each round diamond so that the loveliness of every stone may be appreciated. In both there are motifs of baguette diamonds, and each is as flexible as a chain.

The sapphire and diamond clips on the dress can be combined to form a brooch, and here the coloured stones, which are ranged together, are plentifully interspersed with baguette diamonds. The smaller clip, worn in the hair, is one of a pair in diamonds and sapphires or diamonds and emeralds, while the ring is a single emerald-cut diamond.

Hunt and Roskell are famous for the originality and charm of their designs, for each of them is an entirely original work of art, and none is ever repeated except by request.



THE WORLD OF BOOKS

BOOKLOVERS FORGATHER: Lord Conway being received by Lord and Lady Camrose at the reception held in connection with the inauguration of the *Sunday Times* Book Exhibition at Dorland Hall, Lower Regent Street. As in the past the lectures have been one of the great features of the exhibition, and such prominent writers as A. E. W. Mason, Cecil Roberts, Lord Dunsany, Mary Borden, and Christopher Stone have entertained visitors

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

THE late Arnold Bennett once said that it was practically impossible for a poet to write bad prose. The competence of modern fiction is apt to present a spectacle too often unrelieved from a dead flatness, and it is therefore a pleasure to open a book by the Poet Laureate and find a full-fledged story—lit by good writing on every page.

EGGS AND BAKER (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) bears an unfortunate title, for its flippancy belies its theme. Robert Mansell, baker, of Condicote, was considered, in the early 'seventies in which he lived, to be a bit of a Radical, and that was because he had a vital personality, and was given to exuberant denunciations of the social injustices which he saw all around him. In his story things came to a head during a murder trial. A gamekeeper had been killed in a poaching affray, and a poor, half-witted boy was in process of being condemned to death for a crime which he could not possibly have committed. Unable to restrain himself the baker rises up in his wrath during the trial and pelts the judge with eggs.

Thus far the reader has been sustained to a point of suspense and terrific excitement through this trial which Mr. Masefield brings vividly to life with all his considerable gifts. The baker's gesture, of course, is useless, although the moment is a dramatic and heart-clutching one. Naturally he is committed for contempt of court, and goes to prison, while his business languishes, and he becomes a hissing and a reproach among the respectable people of the neighbourhood.

Such a novel might well end on a note of tragedy, but Mr. Masefield contrives something happier, which everyone with a spark of sentiment will approve, and other people, with a more strictly dramatic sense, will not.

Miss Vera Brittain's very long sociological novel **HONOURABLE ESTATE** (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) is bound, since women make up more than two-thirds of the novel reading public, to have an excellent sales record. In scope it ranges from 1894 to the present day, and from the early times and struggles of woman's suffrage to the relatively complete emancipation of our own times.

"I make no apology" writes Miss Brittain in her admirable foreword, "for dealing in a novel with social theories and political beliefs, nor for the extent to which they are discussed by some of the characters. I cannot share the outlook of that school of literary criticism which seeks to limit the novelist's 'legitimate' topics to personal relationships."

In this I am wholly in agreement with the author, or would be if I thought that such a school existed. Nevertheless it is for its merits as a novel, and not for its value as an assessment of progress that *Honourable Estate* will be read, and on those merits it is very competent to stand.

The two main characters of Miss Brittain's book are women who represent, accurately enough, the two main phases in the woman's movement of the past forty years. The first, a clergyman's wife, unsuited for her family duties, but with a tireless enthusiasm for the cause of suffrage, for which eventually she sacrifices home, money, and her only great friend; the second a girl, her direct successor in beliefs, whose love story comes to a tragic end with the war, and who devotes the rest of her life to the realisation of her ideals.

This is, designedly, a book for women, and a very remarkable and dignified achievement.

In direct contradiction to the charming but misleading statement of Mr. William Gerhardi's publishers, his new novel is not a simple love story. It is called **OF MORTAL LOVE** (Arthur Barker. 8s. 6d.) and it suggests many of the elements of love, and most of the better known ones of mortality, but it is most definitely not one of those "stories of the simple heart" as has been claimed for it.

Personally I am glad that it is not. Confronted by a simple love story hand-in-hand, as it were, with Mr. Gerhardi I should feel self-conscious as I am sure he would, and that would be a poor preparation for the reading of his book. As it is, one expects from Mr. Gerhardi a wit, a cynicism, and a kind of black diamond brilliance that have nothing to do with simplicity. And, once again, one is not disappointed.

Walter and Dinah in their love affair, have exchanged simplicity for directness, which they find an excellent and suitable substitute. They know what they want, and Dinah, for "woman is not meant to live alone," gets it. Thereafter her career is socially successful and financially insecure. "You seem," says Walter towards the end of her brief life, "to fall in love with nothing but men of the utmost insignificance—latterly" he adds, with a thought to himself. "And instead of thanking their lucky stars, it is *you* who have to beg of them a crust of love."

For poor Dinah's direct method has ended in tragedy, and the book closes on a note of sad futility. A taste for Mr. Gerhardi's work is not so rare as it is special, but this novel would, I imagine, appeal to a wider circle than his earlier books delighted. As a story of mortals, and only incidentally a story of love, it is quite a triumph.

Miss Kate O'Brien writes nothing which she does not adorn with the graciousness of her gift for descriptive writing and the spiritual luminosity of her characters. The scene of her new novel, **MARY LAVELLE** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is laid in a seaside town in Northern Spain. The heroine is one of those young Irish Catholics who find employment as English governesses in the families of wealthy Spaniards.

When the story opens Mary, who is beautiful, and is engaged to a young man back in Ireland, is not so much immature and little conscious of the power of her own beauty, as a person not yet awakened to the dream of life. Out there in Spain fresh influences encompass her, and soon her heart and mind are besieged by the presence of the son of the house. Between these two there develops a moral and intellectual struggle, with results which are perhaps inevitable

In the main this is the story, and it moves to a powerful climax, in which Mary is forced to the decision to return to Ireland with the intention of breaking off her engagement. The scene in which her lover says goodbye reveals this author in all her strength, for it is poignant, heartrending, and has a sense of inevitability.

In the light of what is happening in Spain to-day this novel takes on an added interest. It may not have the sympathetic scope of some of Miss O'Brien's other work, but that it is vivid, colourful, and moving, no one can deny.

LOST MORNING (Lovat-Dickson. 7s. 6d.) is the first novel I have read of Mr. DuBose Heyward's which was not a story of negroes in the Southern States. His background, however, Carolinas, is familiar, and so is his gentle, sympathetic handling of a near-tragic theme.

Young, improvident, idealistic Felix Hollister of Paris student days has become the rich, disappointed artist of the beginning of the story. Married to an ambitious wife with a talent, in fact a passion for managing, he has been persuaded into commercialising his art, and he has made a very comfortable fortune in the process. In middle age he begins to realise all that he has lost in cheapening his creative genius, and is on the way to being an embittered old man. Just how his young and lovely secretary helps him to regain his faith and start a new life, on a mere £40 a month, is the purpose of the story.

The only real problem which this book sets the thoughtful reader is the marriage of Felix to his brisk, competent Miriam, or was that merely an expression of her ability to manage? In any case, he married her, and she made a lot of money for him, and he left her, and it remains for Mr. DuBose Heyward to make that a credible situation and a very human history.

RUMFUSTIAN (Dent. 7s. 6d.) is the gayest of novels; an insubstantial affair not unlike a good *zabaglione*, in which the feathery consistency is only a disguise for a whacking good flavouring of Madeira. It is inconsequential, and extravagant, and airy, and probably adds nothing to the sum total of one's knowledge, but it is fine entertainment, and its absurdities do one as much good as an evening spent at a ballet performance.

Miss Judith Fay, I think, by-the-way, that it is her first novel, writes with all the insouciance of real youth, and more than a touch of Saki's incomparable charm. As with him, her characters wrestle with no greater problems than those of delinquent footmen, and elegant, improbable love-affairs, and as with him too, their dilemmas are solved by the most fantastic but acceptable means.

The Nankeen-Fustian family, fortunately motherless and fatherless, are a delightful family, though the last people I should choose as next-door neighbours, and they have as prettily variegated a collection of friends as can be imagined. Black panthers, women explorers, and over-famous osteopaths are three of their favoured circle, and for their more serious moments there is always Mr. Winston Loonberry, who had entered the diplomatic service "almost entirely on the strength of his interest" in foreign postage stamps.

Read it for its laughs, and don't blame me for its lapses.

The popular conception of a *prima donna* is of a spoiled and tempestuous person suffering from an overdose of what I believe is called the artistic temperament. The more famous she is, the more divine her voice, the greater her ovations, the more difficult is she apparently entitled to be in her dealings with managers, conductors, stage hands, *impresarios*, and *hôteliers*; while her own personal retinue and her family are supposed to be in a continual state of jitters.

OF LENA GEYER, by Marcia Davenport (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is the story of a *prima donna*, but the heroine of this novel is far removed from the conventional conception of that species.

Lena was born in a slum in Prague. As a child her voice was trained by a music master for whom her mother was a charwoman; and in due course she rose to the greatest of all musical heights, sang in the great capitals of the world, and had that world at her feet.

In effect, the story is a sensitive and penetrating study of the career of a great artiste, of all the heart-searchings, the hard work and the struggles of her early days, and of the glamour of her later triumphs.

Miss Marcia Davenport will be remembered for a distinguished biography of Mozart, so that her musical background is both authentic and sound, and, in consequence, interesting.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HERBERT JOSEPH.—BABY: A Record. Compiled by Thelma H. Benjamin. JARROLDS.—SOUTH TO SAMARKAND. By Ethel Mannin. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. STANLEY PAUL.—WE LIVE AND LEARN. By Sidney Fairway. 7s. 6d. MONGOLIAN INTERLUDE. By Lionel Oliver. 7s. 6d. TRAIL SMOKE. By Ernest Haycox. 7s. 6d. DEATH OF A JAZZ KING. By Charles M. Walker. 7s. 6d. FOUR DOORS TO DEATH. By John Courage. 7s. 6d. GOLD OF ETHIOPIA. By Frank E. Hayter. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. FOOLISH SAINT. By Joan Lorne. 7s. 6d. HANGED I'LL BE. By Richard Goyne. 7s. 6d. PUTNAM.—THE BROTHERS ASHKENAZI. By I. J. Singer. 8s. 6d. PALESTINE ON THE EVE. By Ladislas Farago. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. RICHARDS.—MISS ANN GREEN OF CLIFTON. By E. W. Baker. 7s. 6d. CRISIS!—1922. By Benson Herbert. 7s. 6d. SÉRAPHINE. By E. H. W. Meyerstein. 7s. 6d. SECKER.—MINTY ALLEY. By C. L. R. James. 7s. 6d. SECKER & WARBURG, LTD.—THE HESPERIDES: A Looking-Glass Fugue. By John Palmer. 7s. 6d. PHILIP ALLAN.—SPORT IN WILDEST BRITAIN. By H. Hesketh Prichard. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—HE'S GOT A MILLION. By V. Krymov. 7s. 6d. SOUTHERN INDIA: Its Political and Economic Problems. By Gilbert Slater. Illustrated. 15s. JAPAN: Recollections and Impressions. By Grace James. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. INTERVIEWING ANIMALS. By Dr. Bastian Schmid. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. SINGING IN THE WILDERNESS: A Salute to John James Audubon. By Donald Culross Peattie. 7s. 6d. ARNOLD.—A LAST MEDLEY OF MEMORIES. By the Right Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair. Illustrated. 16s. ARTHUR BARKER.—THE BUFFIN BOOKS. Written and Illustrated by Robert Hartman. *Mr. Buffin and Fluff Rabbit, Shut-Eye and the Weathercock, Fitz Roy and Moley, Nosy and the Slipper.* 2s. each vol. MARIA THERESA OF AUSTRIA. By Margaret Goldsmith. 10s. BASIL BLACKWELL.—OUT OF THE PIT: A Challenge to the Comfortable. By John Newsom. Preface by His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York. 2s. 6d. ART AND LIFE. By Hannah Priebsch Closs. Illustrated. 15s. CASSELL.—THE GOLDEN VAGABOND. By Rosita Forbes. 7s. 6d. THE DOCTOR. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. 7s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—BURY HIM DARKLY. By Henry Wade. 7s. 6d. THE GODS HAD WINGS. By W. J. Brown. Woodcuts by John Farleigh. 7s. 6d. NEARING THE ABYSS: The Lesson of Ethiopia. By Lord Davies. 3s. 6d. COUNTRY LIFE, LTD.—GODS AND MORTALS IN LOVE. By Hugh Ross Williamson. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. 12s. 6d.

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A NEW COUNTY COURT JUDGE: Mr. Reginald Clare Essenhigh, who is to go on the Sheffield Circuit, hails from the North Country, and for the past five years has been M.P. for the Newton Division of Lancashire

Howard Coster

PUTTING HIS HAND TO THE PLOUGH! Mr. W. S. Morrison, who in the recent Cabinet reshuffle succeeded Mr. Walter Elliot as Minister of Agriculture. A year or two ago his name did not figure in the "books of reference," but he has made a quick reputation as Financial Secretary to the Treasury—that office which is always regarded as a stepping-stone to higher things—and would appear to be well fitted for his task

DA CAPO! Professor Willem Mengelberg, the eminent Dutch conductor, rehearsing members of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra for a concert at the Queen's Hall

SOME PEOPLE in the LIMELIGHT

On right—"THEY FLY THROUGH THE AIR . . .": Jim Mollison, hero of the fastest west to east Atlantic flight ever, and Mrs. Beryl Markham, heroine of a solo east to west crossing, having supper together in the West End

CONVERSATION PIECE: Mr. Rudolph Sieber, Marlene Dietrich's husband, and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., at Lady Headfort's party. Marlene was to have been guest of honour but an attack of tonsilitis stopped her going

OFF TO THE HOLY LAND: Professor R. Coupland, Sir Laurie Hammond, Sir Horace Rumbold (vice-chairman), and Lord Peel (chairman)—four of the members of the Palestine Royal Commission who left London last week for Jerusalem, and were seen off by Mr. Ormsby Gore, the Secretary of State for the Colonies. While they are seeking a settlement to the Arab-Jew question, Jewish immigration will be strictly limited

This England . . .

An old-fashioned Cottage, Selworthy, Somerset

"BE it ever so humble . . ." the old song goes. "Home," says the dictionary, ". . . the seat of domestic life and interests." A place, indeed, where the toughest of us may relax in tenderness. This word, peculiar to the English in its shade—and depth—of meaning, is typical of much in the rich-woven tapestry of English character. "A glass of beer" means more in England than elsewhere. For centuries we have known beer in our homes (once upon a time we brewed it at home), and when it comes to such a beer as Worthington we have one that seems the very essence of this England, from the rich soil that begot it to the ripe health and mellow judgment it confers.

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CONTINUATIONS

ALL EYES ON CATALONIA

(Continued from page 263)

the present President Companys repaired to Paris for several years. At this moment his wife is campaigning there, while he remains titular head, at all events, of an Extremist Committee of Government numbering thirteen.

The last Catalan act, bringing us down to the present time, was Companys' one-day revolt against the Madrid of Robles, in early 1935, a performance which sent the Catalan President to a Cadiz prison until his enthusiastic welcome back to Barcelona last February.

Catalonia to-day counts 3,000,000 inhabitants and is about the size of Belgium. Nature has given it some of the Continent's most admirable scenery and fertile soil. The Pyrenees, the Costa Brava, the lush inland greenery and forest land so rare in Spain, the beauty of a Gerona, are not easily forgotten.

Catalonia could be self-supporting if it chose to. The contrary has been said, but that is not so. Catalonia possesses all that is needful. The point is that the Catalans have prospered immensely as purveyors-in-chief to Spain, could prosper much more so in the future, and would they ever make such a sacrifice as to close in utterly on themselves, elect to become a poor people, as Mr. De Valera has in part made Ireland do? One thinks not. Ireland, for one thing, has no thriving world port like Barcelona, accustomed to the fat of the land and deeply bitten by world philosophies. Yet such argument verges on the futile, the fact being that a conquering Franco could never tolerate a Catalonia drawing herself in, in isolated poverty. Franco and others need Catalonia.

The first Catalan industry is textiles: 90 per cent. of all Spain's production. Cotton extends to 154 localities, employing 115,000. Wool does for fifty-nine localities, of which Barcelona, Sabadell, and Terrasa are the three first. The two latter, biggish towns, are as specialist as a Zlin or a Coventry.

Next comes heavy industry. There are no fewer than 700 plants or factories, not counting an infinite number of lesser branches. Most famous unit is Hispano-Suiza, currently making baby tanks on a 24-hour schedule.

Paper, cement, leather, foodstuffs have been other manifestations of Catalan economy, plus a steady and considerable tourist traffic. Little or no coal, for which reason water power has been much harnessed. Over 300 factories were this year using it, mainly from the river Llobregat. A notable further industry is chemicals, largely in affiliation with Germany. Before the war, this industry hardly existed; but, then, Barcelona in particular seems to have sprung to life since, and greatly through what happened in 1914. It had been mainly known as a bold, bad city of bombs and white slavery. In the war it further qualified as major espionage exchange. From 1919 to 1930 the Catalan capital only forged ahead in every way. Then it took the common blow, made the more painful by a coincident Exposition flop—Primo's idea—which left Barcelona to pay a debt of 500,000,000 pesetas, spread over Heaven knows how many years. The public was to have paid it in dearer stamps.

Turning to agriculture, we encounter a surprise. It is more important than industry. All the more meritorious because only some 14 per cent. of the soil of Catalonia was really fertile; the balance had to be artificially created at immense labour. The main exports are oranges, wine, oil, and flowers, and these have also found high favour in Spain. But if I went on quoting Catalonia in the lead in regard to prunes, almonds, strawberries, pimento, artichokes, potatoes, celery, rice, not to mention garlic, it would sound too like an edict from Mr. Morrison, or Covent Garden.

The growth of Barcelona port is the best indication of Catalan rise. Maybe Bilbao does account for over double the tonnage, but Barcelona easily takes prime place on account of the value and variety of its commerce: in peak 1928, Catalan exports were two-and-a-half times as valuable as Galicia's. The reason is that Bilbao handles heavy products, coal and minerals, whereas Barcelona concentrates on the hundred-and-one products necessary to Catalan industry which in turn feeds the greater part of Spanish production as a whole. And Barcelona was not standing still. It was on the point of taking a further bound forward with the creation of a free port, foreign penetration into which was to be duty-free. Already the "Free Depot" exists down by the Paseo de Colon, but the full plan must take years to realise as it calls not only for a vast distribution centre but for an industrial quarter on the spot, where manufacture would be undertaken alike for Spain and for re-export. Barcelona awaited such impetus from its projected Free Port as to offset the years of depression.

This all too inadequate sketching would be seriously incomplete without one or two final points. Such as that north and south of Barcelona was rapidly developing a second Riviera. Or that medical and hygienic advance since 1931 has been a special pride.

In a brand new Casa de Caritat are lodged a thousand old people and as many orphans.

Apparently no better "fraternity" is to be found in all Europe.

Again, 500 blind are looked after on the strength of selling a stamp.

But it is perhaps in fighting tuberculosis that the Macia-Companys' administrations have scored heaviest. Thirty-five per 10,000 used to die of consumption. Now eleven do. The Calmette-Guérin vaccine was applied in the first half of this year to 23,000 children out of 46,000 births. At the centre of all this fine work is the Casa del Metje or House of the Doctor.

One should mention, too, the immense cultural drive. Until the present catastrophe the Catalans, however "Red" or gruesome, went right in the opposite direction to destruction, eradication *à la Russe*. The word was: conserve. Señor Ventura Gassol, as Councillor of Culture, surrounded himself with an intellectual élite for this purpose. Then popular education was revolutionised overnight by the founding of schools right and left and the inception of two universities for young workingmen. Sport was also heavily subsidised, and folklore presentations, and the stage.

Does this all sound just too suspiciously rosy? Well, I am merely transcribing from notes made *before* last July. Hell may have come to prevail since.

Barcelona lies 300 miles from Madrid, over highly difficult country. Conceivably, should attack come, this might mainly eventuate from the sea, for example from lovely Alcudia Bay, Mallorca. Yes, Alcudia may be worth watching. Such a rallying point, too, for certain others, should these recognise a Franco Government, and Moscow continue to sent armament shipments to Catalonia.

A FRONTIER IN DISPUTE

(Continued from page 266)

says that Lithuania ceased to exist in the fourteenth century when a Lithuanian Grand Duke became ruler of Poland, and united the two countries. The Lithuanians are of other opinion. On the other hand even official Polish statistics show that in some districts of the Vilna region the number of Lithuanian inhabitants amounts to well over 50 per cent., and in some cases reaches as much as 70 per cent. But then statistics can be used to prove and to disprove many things, especially if they are founded on different fundamentals.

Things have seemed quiet for some time, but now and then shots are heard and a frontier guard's body is subsequently found. It seems regrettable that two countries who lived together for centuries and who suffered Russian rule together should be unable to come to an understanding to put an end to a state of affairs which may at any moment give rise to serious events.

A. A. G.

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PARIS 1937

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

MUSIC at Monte Carlo: A Brilliant Winter Programme.—Last year Monte Carlo added to its better-known attractions by "setting up" as a place for music lovers; almost, one might say, as a kind of French equivalent to Salzburg. The new policy had all the appearances of being successful at the time, and it evidently was so, for another brilliant list of visiting musicians has just been announced for the coming winter. It includes Autori and Chaliapine amongst the opera singers, while concerts will be given by Cortot, Thibaud, Kreisler, Segovia, and Rachmaninoff, as well as a host of other famous people. Also, the Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, will again be having a season in the Principality, which will include performances of *Tristan und Isolde* and the full cycle of *The Ring*.

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More about Monte Carlo; An Old Established Hotel.—Generations of English people have held a high opinion of the Hotel Mirabeau at Monte Carlo, but it seems that an impression has got about lately that following the death of the proprietor, M. Blériot, the hotel is closed. This must be dispelled at once. The hotel is very much open, and the management, which has not changed hands, can assure to old clients the same welcome that they have always had, and to new ones the welcome they have always hoped for.

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An Attractive Italian Travel Publication.—More and more countries are doing their best to make their particular charms known abroad by publishing official bulletins and magazines at regular intervals. This is a movement in which Italy stands well to the fore, and *Travel in Italy*, with its fascinating illustrations of famous watering places, old cities, works of art, and those innumerable triumphs of Renaissance architecture in which that fortunate land abounds, is calculated to fill even the most phlegmatic reader with *Wanderlust*. It is printed in three languages —English, French, and German—and it comes out every month.

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Zero Hour for the Winter Sports Season. — The Winter Sports season is almost upon us, and the Travel Section of next week's SPHERE will review the chief centres and offer some guidance which may be of help both to people who have never been before, and to those hardened enthusiasts who go every year but occasionally like to stay somewhere new. A form of Winter Sports holiday which is likely to become increasingly popular during this next season is that of the organised party. Everything is arranged and paid for before you start, and you can be sure of congenial companionship to spare you from the possible contingency of feeling (figuratively speaking, of course), left out in the cold. It is still too early to make reliable forecasts about snow conditions, but heavy falls have already been reported from parts of the Alps.

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In Warmest England.—The idea of holidays abroad is apt to appear so attractive on a bleak November day, that one sometimes forgets that there are places in the south and west of England that have themselves got a pretty good record in the matter of winter weather. The Great Western Railway's handbook, *Winter Resorts*, which has just made its appearance, is a timely reminder of this fact, and anyone who is wanting to go away but not to go too far afield, need only take a glance at its illustrations (all of which are well sprinkled with palm trees) for preliminary reassurance about the climate. A useful feature of the handbook is the attention which it gives to sports facilities in the West Country; hunting, tennis, golf, and so on. The old complaint that on a holiday in England it was so difficult to find anything to do is now quite out of date!

PRIESTS ON THE BALCONY OF RILA MONASTERY: A famous Bulgarian place of pilgrimage where thousands of the devout go annually, being granted three days' lodging free of charge but providing their own food

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CELLARS AT RILA where the skulls of dead monks are preserved

RELIGIOUS FRESCOES adorn the wall and ceiling of the arcaded balcony surrounding the monastery. Some of them are of great value and beauty

THE monastery of orthodox monks in Rila, Bulgaria, is situated in the mountains, and there many thousands of pilgrims yearly seek spiritual comfort. Every Bulgarian has the right to be the monastery's guest for three days, free of charge, and there are special halls holding forty or fifty people, where men, women and children sleep together on wooden bunks. Food is not provided; that they have to bring with them. The monastery closely resembles the Greek monastery at Athos, and is built in four different styles: Italian Renaissance, Byzantine, Athos, and Bulgarian peasant style. It stands in a wild mountain pass amid large woods and is accessible by a light railway. The monastery was built in the fourteenth century, but except for its five-storey tower, the "Sevastroken Hreljo," the whole building was destroyed by fire in 1833. The large burnt out portion was rebuilt after the model of Athos. It consists of four floors and looks, from outside, like a fortress. Three floors are decorated with stone colonnades in Italian Renaissance style, while the fourth floor, with its wooden balcony and wooden colonnades is in Bulgarian style. The adjoining church was the largest in the Near East during the nineteenth century. F. F.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is, of course, answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Looking Ahead: Switzerland in Early Spring.—Switzerland would be a splendid place for you to recuperate after Madras, but March is rather early in the spring to say exactly what weather you would encounter. Usually, one gets beautiful sunny days, but you would, of course, get a certain number of cold, windy days. We would recommend you to spend a week on one of the lakes—we think you would like Beatenberg on Lake Thun—and then go higher. Wengen is within easy distance from Beatenberg; it is 4,190 ft. above sea-level and a lovely place. Grindelwald (3,469 ft.) is also an excellent place at which to stay and somewhat cheaper than Wengen.

You could, if you preferred, stay at Montreux and then go up to Château d'Oex (3,300 ft.) or Gstaad (3,500 ft.). We enclose a hotel guide for Switzerland, and you need have no hesitation in choosing the cheapest pensions or hotels, as, however small they may be, they are always spotlessly clean and very comfortable. The devaluation of the franc has made Switzerland very reasonable. [Ref. E.B. 155.]

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The Climate in the South of France.—There is no doubt you would find Toulon and its neighbourhood very much drier in winter than England; it would not, however, be much warmer. You could count on a good percentage of cold, dry, sunny days, but the chief drawback would be the mistral which would be blowing and which can be rather unpleasant.

There is no doubt that Menton has the mildest climate on the French Riviera and is sheltered from the mistral by a semi-circle of mountains. The Garavan quarter on the East Bay is more sheltered than the West Bay. There are plenty of really charming places which can be rented at quite reasonable prices, particularly reasonable since the devaluation of the franc, and if you write to the Syndicat d'Initiative at Menton they will give you all the information you require about vacant properties. [Ref. E.B. 154.]

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Continental Spas: The Choice for a Winter Cure.—We believe you would like Wiesbaden very much indeed, and there is an excellent cure. The spa outside Budapest is Svabhegy, but as it is 1,400 ft. up, we fear you would find it rather cold. You can, however, take a cure in Budapest at the St. Gellert, particulars of which we enclose. This is a very well equipped establishment with excellent doctors and plenty of life. You will notice in the pamphlet that an all-in price of 390 pengös is quoted, but we suggest you ask for the special price of 560 pengös for three weeks if you decide to go there, as you will get very much better accommodation.

There are as you are doubtless aware, many excellent Continental spas, but they are closed for the winter and we suggest your choice lies between Wiesbaden and Budapest. [Ref. E.B. 153.]

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of THE SPHERE'S Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of THE SPHERE, Illustrated House, 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, will be promptly answered.

Christmas 1936

. . . under a lucky star. Details now available. Something happy-go-lucky and very agreeable about the Riposo . . . pleased and happy visitors, its cheerful, artistic decorations and furnishings, its happily chosen menus, its very willing staff. Situated away from all crowds and traffic, yet within immediate reach of the amenities and amusements of Bexhill. Adjoins an 18-hole Golf Course. Dancing. Running water, central heating and telephone in every bedroom. Special Residential Terms. Further information with pleasure from the management.

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Fully Licensed. ***Wedding Receptions.***

In Quest of

The Torquay Hydro for Rest, Some Christmas

ONCE upon a time, about the time of the South African War to be correct, a wealthy Birmingham citizen who was a little weary of a daily life that was mainly concerned with the turning out of pots and pans (or whatever his trade was), decided to escape to Torquay for rest, relaxation, and tranquillity.

One day in his wanderings he found himself at a natural vantage point known as Daddyhole Plain. After reflecting on the stupidity of the name, for it was certainly not a hole or a plain, he was struck with admiration at the view around him.

The sea on three sides a turquoise blue; in the background the red cliffs of Devon; and in the near foreground the Shag, Thatcher, and other rocks which stand sentinel-like in the sea, and are the homes of sea gulls as well as being unpaid models to many a landscape artist.

He there and then decided to purchase the land adjoining, and in due course built a house there which he called the Villa Syracuse, and it is this original chateau which forms part of the present Torquay Hydro which is, in more senses than one, "an hotel on its own."

It stands right away from the shops on a hill, but that is an advantage rather than a disadvantage, for if you have no car the hotel bus, which is free to visitors, levels out the hills for you and takes you to and from the town. There is no through road and so no passing traffic.

Though fully licensed it wisely refrains from a cocktail bar, and though the hotel possesses a fine ballroom which is often in use at busy periods, it is kept exclusively for the use of residents and their guests. And so the Torquay Hydro Hotel has always appealed to those who, like the original owner of the site, desire rest, relaxation, and tranquillity.

There is hardly a bedroom in the hotel which has not at one time or other housed people famous in all walks of life, and what pleasant sunny rooms they are. All have a view, even the back ones, which look out on to Warberry and Lincombe Hills. All are comfortable and homely with the modern essentials of hot and cold water basins, central heating radiators, as well as gas or electric fires. And all have beds worthy of this first-class hotel.

If Daddyhole Plain is a misnomer the word hydro is also misleading to-day, for though at its commencement hydropathic baths were available the word hydro is now but a relic of the past, for nature has predominated over baths! At Torquay, sun and sea are the great healers, plus the tranquillity and comfort that the Torquay Hydro Hotel can offer.

When I was there the other day I came across a gentleman I know who

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in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request. Under the same management as Oatlands Park Hotel. Telephone: Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

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THE SPHERE REGISTER

Abingdon.—The Crown & Thistle (Oxford 6 miles)
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. Tel. 3235-6.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Riposo Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Crowborough—The Crest Hotel.
Eastbourne.—The Hydro Hotel.
Evesham.—Mansion House Hotel.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
Guildford.—Bramley Grange Hotel.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Hinton (Hants.).—East Close Htl. R.A.C. A.A.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Borrowdale Htl.
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyndhurst (Hants.).—Holmfield Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel. Tel. 221.
Sidmouth.—Royal York Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Relaxation and Tranquillity — Suggestions

has lived there on and off for several years; I asked him why he was so often to be found there and he said, "Well, it suits me; I like comfort and I have found comfort here. It's quiet, but it's not dull, and I never tire of the views." He expressed what must impress all who stay at the Torquay Hydro Hotel. There is an indefinable sense of comfort; directly one enters one senses an atmosphere of brightness and lightness; large windows let in the winter sun, but solid construction keeps out the winter draughts. All the rooms give one the same impression. They are large, but not cold in any sense of the word. Even the billiard-room, often a dreary room in some hotels, is cosy and inviting. There is a lift to all floors. There are no bad bedrooms; at any rate, I should be happy in their worst.

With the dread thought of the first three months of the New Year rapidly approaching there must be many readers who are puzzled about where to "winter" warmly and comfortably. If they are accustomed to a first-class hotel, if they appreciate luxury at a very reasonable price, if they would feast on beautiful scenery and good fare, if they have to diet, convalesce—or even if they are bursting with energy and must give vent to it, I can confidently recommend them to "winter" at the Torquay Hydro Hotel with the knowledge that they will ultimately be grateful to me for the suggestion.

CHRISTMAS.—Only six weeks to go! The following hotels advise me that they are full for Christmas, and now have only a waiting list for any unavoidable last-minute cancellations: Bexhill, the Sackville; Bournemouth, Canford Cliffs; Eastbourne, the Hydro; Harrogate, the Cairn Hydro; Torquay, the Imperial, Lincombe Hall, and Roslin Hall; Worthing, Ferring Grange; Westcliff-on-Sea, the Westcliff.

I have Christmas particulars of other hotels where there is still room, but limited. To save SPHERE readers time in corresponding with hotels direct, I shall be glad to send a selection.

Suggestions for a quiet Christmas:—I have had a number of letters from readers who like to get away from crackers and paper hats! Here are a few hotels I can recommend: Sidmouth, Victoria and Fortfield Hotels, or as regards two smaller hotels I suggest the Royal York and Torbay View; Bath, Lansdown Grove Hotel; London, Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, and Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Square.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

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Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—Westcliff Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Wheatley, Oxford.—Brimpton Grange Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.
Goring Hotel, S.W.1. Victoria 8210.

SCOTLAND

Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Doune.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 10.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel
Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—Demi des Pas Hotel.
Jersey.—Bonne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
Guernsey.—Old Government Hse. Htl. Tel. 424.
Guernsey.—Gardener's Royal Htl. Tel. G'sey 300

Winter's warmest resort . . .

as mild and equable as the South of France and no cold nights. Lovely surrounding country, plenty to do. Excellent cuisine. Living at this first-class hotel on the water's edge with beautiful views over Falmouth Harbour makes a perfect winter retreat at

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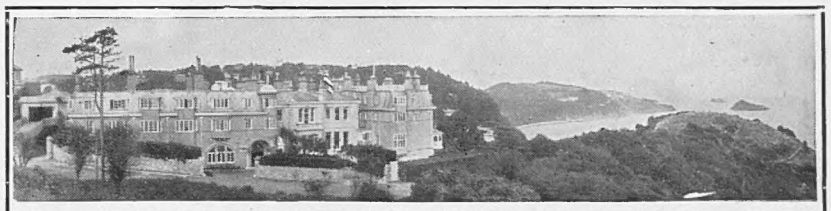

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Overlooking TORBAY

Winter Terms from 3½ gns. weekly.

Sheltered position. Enchanting gardens running down to the sea (3 acres of them!). 30 sunny bedrooms—each bed fitted with Vi-spring mattress. (Private terraces to first-floor rooms.) H. & C. water, central heating radiators, electric fires all bedrooms. Best English cooking (special diets if required). Vita-glass sun lounge. Covered verandah. Garage. Tennis (hard court). Medical baths and pier one minute. Write for illustrated Brochure and Special Christmas Programme to—

Mrs. A. R. Bagley, *Resident Managing Director.*
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Resident Proprietor: W. J. Hockley.
Write for Brochure or Telephone 4198.

DRAMA (Continued from page 275)

What is beyond question not good enough here is the characterisation. Mr. Esmond Knight managed to make something of Richard of Gloucester; I am not disparaging Mr. Knight when I say that no actor who knows his job can fail to make something out of Richard of Gloucester. But Mr. Gyles Isham, who also knows his job, could do little with Edward IV except make him handsome (which is no great effort for Mr. Isham). The King here is a mere puppet—and the fourth Edward was no puppet by a long chalk. Miss Joan Maude as Jane was confronted with much the same obstacle; there was not enough for her to get her teeth into. She suggested the famous harlot's physical allure, but none of Jane's alleged wit, for the part at no point suggested it. Miss Margaret Yarde gave us some of the right stuff. But there was not enough of Miss Yarde—and yards too much incidental music and unnecessary clatter generally.

The Dresden Opera Company.—

The all-too-short visit of the Dresden Opera Company to Covent Garden has been extraordinarily interesting and successful. The personal touch was given by the presence of the great Richard Strauss himself, hovering in a box during the performance of his *Der Rosenkavalier* and conducting his *Ariadne auf Naxos*. It was good to welcome the most distinguished of living composers, who has also been busy at the Queen's Hall, both as a conductor of a symphony concert and as the recipient of that high honour, the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society.

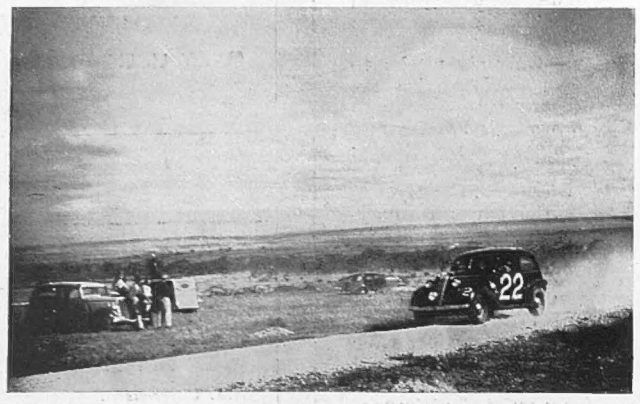
The visit of the Dresdeners has taught a lesson, though it is one which most intelligent opera-goers must have learned long ago—the supreme value of teamwork. I have heard finer orchestras than that of the Dresden Opera, more than adequate though it is; our own L.P.O., which was at Covent Garden during the summer, is far better—fuller in tone—and with much more satisfying string quality. (Full marks, by the way, for the Dresden conductor, Dr. Karl Bohm). The Dresden folk sing well; but, again, there are singers engaged for our "grand" seasons who can sing the heads off most of them.

But what we are *not* accustomed to at Covent Garden is such *general* all-round excellence, such an atmosphere of working together and of intimate knowledge of, and familiarity with, the work being performed. That is because this company, who even brought their own scenery with them, are with one another all the year round. Covent Garden cannot be blamed for lack of teamwork when, as it usually happens, the "grand" season is only a matter of a few weeks, with singers gathered from all corners of Europe, sometimes arriving by special aeroplane and performing without rehearsal.

The performances of *Der Rosenkavalier* were immensely enjoyable largely (though not solely) because of this teamwork. The long opera was given without "cuts"; yet it seemed shorter than usual, and the excellence of the story, and the general fun of the whole thing, never so apparent. Madame Cebotari was a delicious Sophia, and Madame Marta Rohs a lively Octavian. *Tristan und Isolde* had in Madame Konetzni an Isolde only just below the first class.

Ariadne auf Naxos is a subtle musical joke which does not quite "come off." For all that, it contains much music of exquisite beauty, and I wish there could have been more than one performance.

Rather surprisingly, *Don Juan* and *Figaro* were definitely below standard.



A DASH DOWN AFRICA: Car No. 22, a Terraplane 6, driven by Mr. F. R. H. Hopley and Mr. C. L. Englebrecht (both of Kenya) pictured on a Kenya highway during the Golden Jubilee Road Race from Nairobi to Johannesburg. It was the eventual winner, covering the 2715-mile journey in about 2½ days

THE PLAY CENSOR AT WORK

(Continued from page 278)

and church halls, for the performance in public of plays. It is the same with amateur dramatic societies which immediately come under his jurisdiction when any money is paid by the public for admission. By contrast, the Gate Theatre is a club, and therefore is regarded as a private affair, and the last time that the Lord Chamberlain took notably active steps with regard to a stage performance was last year, when at the Adelphi Theatre Clifford Whitley's *Stop Press* was not played in accordance with his script. Action was taken, and fines totalling £200 were imposed by the local authorities on the persons responsible, who were made further uncomfortable at the possibility of having their licence suspended.

Mr. C. B. Cochran was unquestionably voicing the opinion of all reputable theatrical managers when he told me that he was entirely in favour of the way plays were censored to-day. "I would really give up production," he asseverated, "if any Government body was responsible for the passing or vetoing of plays. The Lord Chamberlain is a gentleman of taste and with a knowledge of the world. He has no axes to grind, and the play censorship under his control works magnificently. In my opinion it is largely responsible for the great advance in the quality of West End plays in the last few years. One knows perfectly well that if he vetoes anything there is a first-class reason for it.

"There is nothing pernickety about him. If the play censorship were a Government affair it would be affected by all kinds of red tape, and one would never get anything done. As it is, his censorship is the only tolerable censorship in the world. The Lord Chamberlain is above suspicion in every way."

The Blue Bird Ball

THE Countess of Plymouth is chairman of the Blue Bird Ball which is being held at Claridge's on Tuesday, November 24, in aid of the Belgrave Hospital for Children which urgently requires £60,000 for a new nurses' hostel and new out-patients department. Pilbeam and his band will provide the dance music, and Lady Plymouth and a strong supporting Committee have arranged an attractive cabaret and sideshow. The "Happiness" Bird will be much in evidence, and the famous Blue Bird lucky dip holds many wonderful prizes in store for the lucky ones. The tickets are £2 2s. each or a block of six for £10 10s. including bridge, champagne supper, and buffet. Lady Plymouth is carrying on a family tradition in undertaking the chairmanship of this Ball, as the Earl of Plymouth is chairman of the hospital, succeeding his father in that office in 1923, and the Dowager Countess of Plymouth is one of the earliest members of the Ladies' Association, which has been responsible for promoting the annual ball for many years.

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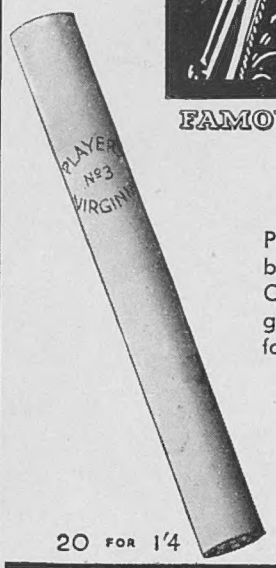

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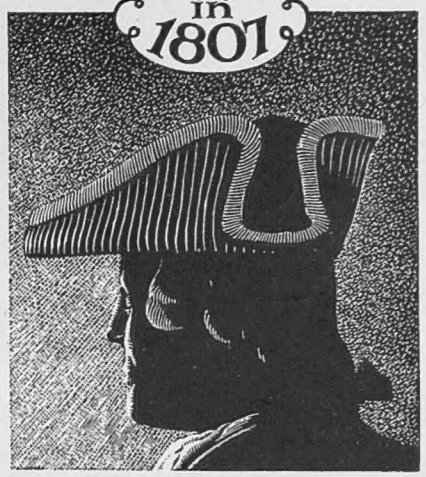

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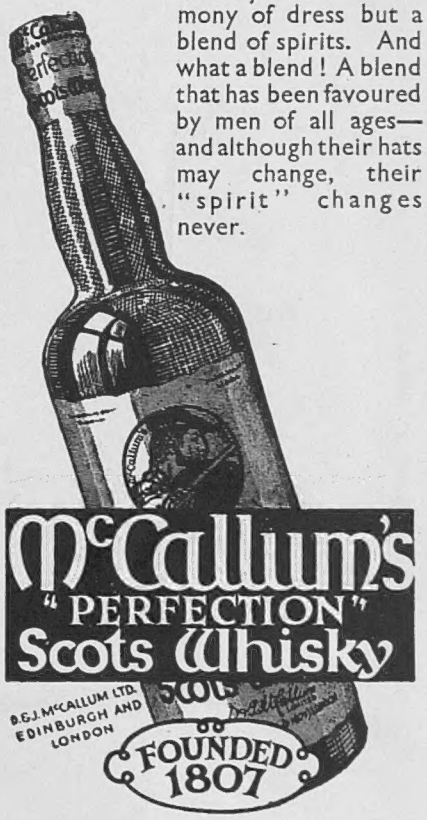

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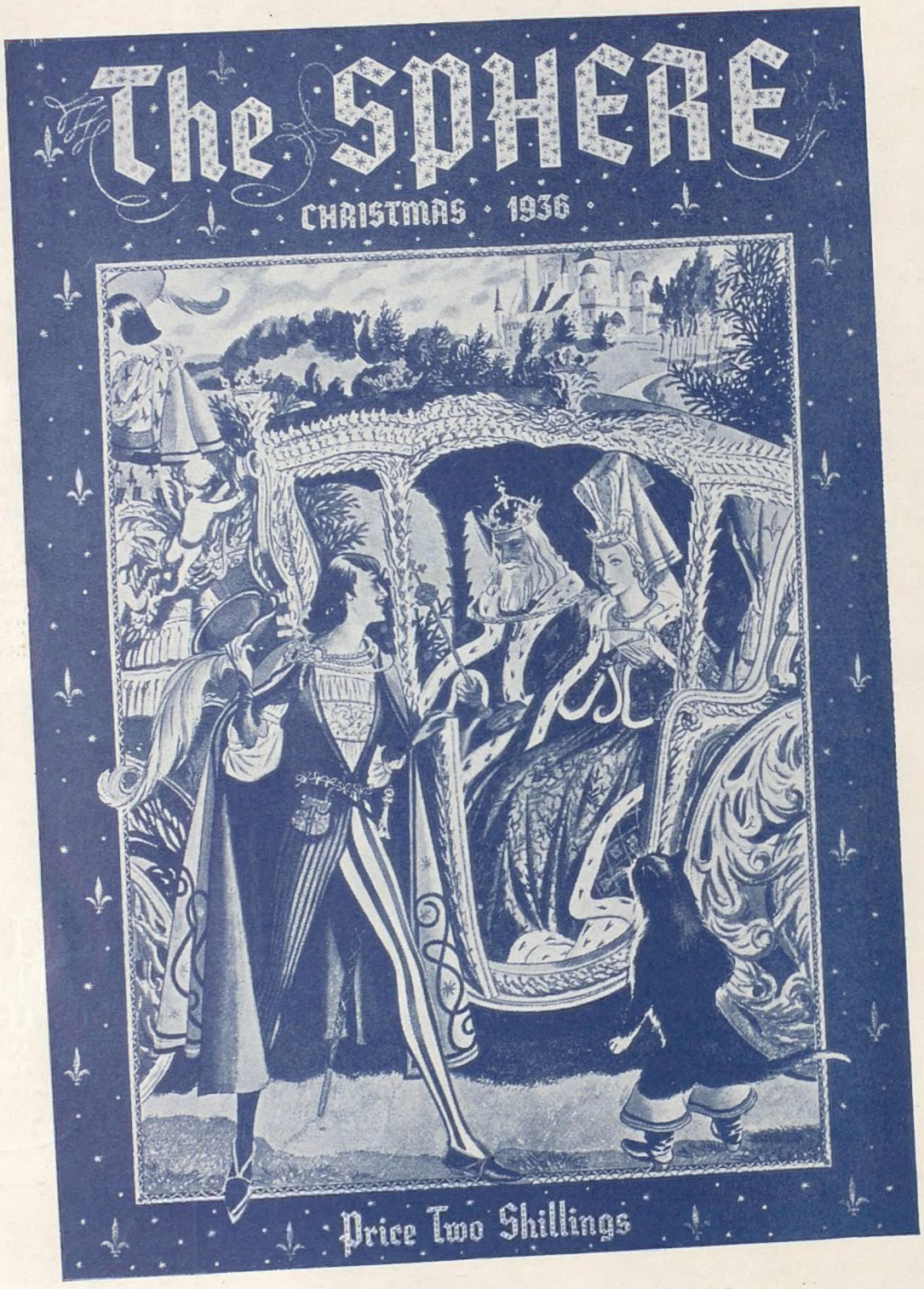

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SOME OF THE DELIGHTFUL CONTENTS:

THE MYSTERY OF WILL WATCH, THE BOLD SMUGGLER: the principal item in the Number, on which the Editor has lavished months of preparation, deals with smuggling and smugglers, and more particularly with a mysterious character known as Will Watch, whose stirring deeds typify the romance of the period. Special illustrations illuminate the text.

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY INTERLUDE: Charles Brock contributes the central double-page plate entitled "References"; a very charming companion is seeking employment, and is facing the keen scrutiny of the lady of the house, while her son ceases reading to gaze with approval at the newcomer.

ROMANCE OF EARLIER TIMES: Mr. HOOKWAY COWLES, under the title "WHEN SOCRATES DINED," brings to life the attractive people depicted on the famous red and black vases of early Greece.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS: readers with a bent towards the historical will welcome the narrative of the "LAST JOURNEY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS," the result of original research bringing together for the first time details of how the unfortunate Queen was carried to her final resting place in Westminster Abbey.

Among a host of other subjects and pictured incidents occur the following—"WHEN WOMEN WENT JERKINED AND SPURRED" illustrated by A. DAVIS, "BLACK MONDAY" and "DULCE DOMUM" from paintings by W. R. BIGG, A.R.A., "RURAL BLISS" by HELEN MACKENZIE, "IS LIFE WORTH LIVING" by ALFRED AUSTIN, with decorations by GLADYS REES, and a number of stories and poems too numerous to specify. The Pictorial Competition which has proved such a popular feature during past years will be continued in this issue.

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